THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

LOOSE SHEETS,
Picked up by a Stroller.
No. V.

Curious fragment—I have been
Among thy fellows on the green,
And, all regardless of the jeers,
And scurvy jests that met my ears,
Thee to my quiet room have brought:
Now will I revel in a song—
For thoughts subdued and cherished long,
Come rushing in a 'wildering throng,
Like day-dreams, fancy-wrought.
Oh say not for too humble theme,
In ink my restive pen I dip;
For many an airy-visioned scheme,
And many a poet's burning dream
Have less to swim them than a chip!

So let the blessed muse look down,
And my unfledged endeavors crown:
No other aid but her's I ask,
To join with memory in the task.

Mysterious, fragile, unsung thing—
Within my brain what memories spring,
As I gaze on thee! childhood comes,
With voice that gleeful music hums;
Fag-ends of songs I used to trill,
When building up my little mill;
The very tunes I whistled then,
Rise to my parted lips again.
The large back yard—the pile of wood—
The willow tree that there drooped o'er me—
The beach, by picket fence that stood—
The heap of chips—they're all before me!

There stood the barn—the cow within it—
(I hear her *low* this very minute)—
There's Betsey with the milking pail,
Her hair done up in neat brown papers,
Scolding the patient cow, whose tail
Restrained not its capricious capers:
The three-legged stool whereon she sat—
The window, mended with a hat—
The apple tree, that stood before
And leaned against the kitchen door—
The hatchet, and the chopper's axe,
Stuck in the wood-house's open cracks—
All are before me, as when I
Was boy, and thought it wretched rule,
That I should throw my hatchet by,
And be compelled to go to school.

Years! where are those tokens now?
Grim death has claimed the brindled cow—
Betsey is married, and has gone
Away off towards the Oregon:—
The tree's cut down—the axe is lost—
Reform the old red barn has crossed—
The back-door steps where I have sat
Full often, with my bread and milk,
Sharing it with the housewife cat,
And spilling it on her coat of silk—
Those steps are now decayed and gone
And the stone they used to rest upon
Is now surmounted by a stye,
Where pigs in thoughtless slumber lie
The house is strangely altered too,
Painted and gilt all over new:
And the whole village—it is now
Five times as large as when I knew it:
My hand is on my throbbing brow,
To still the thought that's rushing thro' it
Am I too altered? I don't feel
A moment older than I did,
When playing with my water wheel,
And weeping when my mother chid
My mother! she is living yet—
The same kind guardian now as ever
Her locks are grey, that once were jet,
But love maternal changes never!
Strange, that the world should change so much,
And I not feel Time's withering touch—
What has his record been about,
That he should leave *my* feelings out?

No more—no more—my brain is dizzy—
I'll rhyme no more with pen or lip;
Memory has long enough been busy,
At brushing cobwebs with a chip.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.
NUMBER XXV.

PETER THE GREAT.—He was indeed an extraordinary creature, aiming always at something vast, shrinking from no privations, deterred by no opposition of labour or difficulty. Meanwhile, conquering all outward difficulties, he was never able to conquer himself. The high-priest of all civilization, he was himself a barbarian. He was subject to the most violent excesses of rage, which took from him all power of self-control. At these seasons his servants and his ministers underwent severe personal chastisements from his own hands; and the fit frequently terminated in a species of epilepsy, which, for a time, deprived him of sense. He was cruel and remorseless in the punishments he inflicted on those whom he regarded as delinquents, and even occasionally made himself sport from being the executioner of his own sanguinary judgments.—*Godwin's "Cloudesley."*

MASTIC.—The practice of chewing mastic is common among all classes of Levant ladies, from the Turkish *Kadeun* to the Frank *Madame*; and I cannot say (to the eye) it is an elegant one. I used to be surprised at first, on entering a room, to see half a dozen fair ones chewing and twisting the tasteless gum as some of our sailors do their tobacco; and when I saw, as I often did, a lady take the mastic from her mouth to pop it into that of a friend who was unprovided, I thought the practice positively a nasty one.—*Notes to Armenians.*

LITERATURE, &c. IN THE EARLY AGES.—In the 5th and 6th centuries, almost all the effects of knowledge and civility, which the Romans had spread through Europe disappeared. Not only the arts of elegance which minister to luxury, and are supported by it, but many of the useful arts, without which life can scarcely be considered as comfortable, were neglected or lost. Literature, science, and taste were words little in use during the ages which we are contemplating; or, if they occur at any time, eminence in them is ascribed to persons and productions so contemptible, that it appears their true import was little understood. Persons of the highest rank and in the most eminent stations, could not read or write. Many of the clergy did not understand the breviary which they were obliged daily to recite; some of them could scarcely read it. The memory of past transactions was in a great degree, lost, or preserved in annals filled with trifling events or legendary tales.—*Dr. Robertson's View of the State of Europe.*

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—His house at Coldsworth is a handsome structure. His study boarded round and jutting out; we were in the room where he was born; both of as melancholy and dismal an air as ever I saw. Mr. Percival, his tenant, who still lives there, says he was a man of very few words; that he would sometimes be silent and thoughtful for above a quarter of an hour together, and look all the while as if he were saying his prayers: but that when he did speak it was always very much to the purpose.—1775.—*Spence's Anecdotes.*

YOUTHFUL HOPE.—Of all the bright gifts with which heaven has blessed our youth, there is none more excellent than that elasticity of spirit which rebounds strongly from the depressing load of a world's care; and after the heaviest weight of sorrow, or the severest stroke of disappointment, raises us lightly up, and gives us back to hope and enjoyment. It is peculiar to youth, and it is peculiar to good conduct; for the reiterated burdens that years cast upon us as they fly, gradually rob the spring of expectation of its flexibility, and vice feels within itself that it has not the same right to hope as virtue.—*Darnley.*

SCRIPTURAL USE OF THE WORD FORTY.—This numerical, which occurs so frequently, and in places where its introduction is apparently at variance with passages that precede and follow it, is in the East constantly used as a general term, implying "many," on an indefinite number, as we use the words "score" and "dozen or two." A ruined palace at Persepolis is called "Chelminar," or the "forty pillars," though it has but nineteen standing, and, when perfect, had two hundred and six. The Arabs also use "one thousand and one" in a similar manner. Thus Moses was in the Mount "forty" days, means many days. The Israelites lived many, not "forty" years in the Wilderness. This meaning explains numerous difficulties in Scriptural history; and Persians, Arabs, and Turks, still use the term "forty" in this sense.

RUSSIAN FUNERAL.—On returning to the street, our attention was attracted by a funeral procession, preceded by twelve ecclesiastics in their sacerdotal costume, and bareheaded. They were at some distance from each other, and accompanied by the high-priest, who was distinguished by a particular dress. Then followed four men, about fifty feet from each other, two on each side of the street, with broad slouched hats, and pieces of white crape attached to them, so as to cover their faces, each holding a lighted torch. A group of singing boys came after, in the centre of whom was one holding a gold case, with an effigy of the Virgin Mary. The body was in a kind of hearse, drawn by six horses, covered with black cloth, and the postillions and drivers on the box were uncovered. Over the coffin was a rich embroidered mantle; two attendants walked behind, and two on each side. A crowd of domestics and poor women, with white handkerchiefs bound round their heads, closed the mournful *cortege*. It is the practice here to walk to the place of interment, although it should be twenty miles distance from the spot whence the body is carried. We had an opportunity of witnessing the religious ceremonies which take place immediately after a person's decease; a gentlemen having died at our hotel almost immediately after we entered it. With some difficulty we obtained permission to gratify our curiosity, and were admitted into the chamber of death, where the body was laid out. The coffin, which was exceedingly splendid, and very broad at top, after the fashion of an antique sarcophagus, rested on claw feet. It was covered with crimson, embroidered with silver, and at the head was a large ornamented cross. Underneath it a quantity of ice was laid in a vessel. The corpse was not dressed in a shroud, but in a suit of black, it being the custom to send for a tailor to equip the body as soon as it is dead. The shirt collar was put up erect, a riband bound round the head, with representations of angelic figures on it, and a writing, testifying that the deceased had died in the Christian faith. On the breast was laid a small picture of our Saviour. Three enormous thick tapers, entwined with black crape, and in silver candlesticks, were placed at the end, and on each side of the head, while a fourth stood at the foot of the coffin. Pedestals were also placed round it, with red velvet cushions and gold fringes, on which were laid the several orders of the deceased. A priest, who stood on the right side of the coffin, was reading from a book, and on the temporary altar was placed a small picture in a frame. At certain intervals he was relieved by another ecclesiastic, and they continued thus occupied for three successive days and nights. On a table was laid a plate of rice, with raisins in the centre, arranged in the form of a cross, encircled with large pieces of sugar, intended, as we were informed to be given to the attendants at the place of interment. It is also usual for the friends of the deceased to walk round the body and kiss the face; but they had not yet arrived to go through this ceremony. It may be observed, that in this city coffins of all sizes are to be found ready for sale, and piled up in the shops of grocers.—*Wilson's Travels in Russia.*

MARQUIS OF WHARTON.—Never were excellent abilities more abused than by this peer. He did not attempt to disguise, but even gloried in vice. He defied its effects, either as to his interest, or to his constitution; oaths, falsities, and profaneness of every kind, were familiar to him. He exceeded the profligacy of the youngest man; yet, at an advanced age he had the appearance of one. His avarice kept pace with his profligacy: he was venal to excess.—No impressions could be made upon him; he behaved with the same familiarity to the man whom he injured, as to one who expected his patronage. To majesty, though he owed so much to his sovereign, he acted as if he had been opposing his relation, the usurper Cromwell. In fine, the strength of his constitution, the vigour of his mind, his great wealth, and his high honours, were made subservient to very unworthy purposes.—*Noble's Contin: Granger's Biog. Hist.*

WEEPING.—Young women are full of tears. They will weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress as for the loss of an old lover. They will weep for any thing or for nothing. They will scold you to death for accidentally tearing a new gown, and weep for spite that they cannot be revenged on you. They will play the coquette in your presence, and weep when your are absent. They will weep because they cannot go to a ball or a tea party, or because their parents will not permit them to runaway with a blackguard; and they will weep because they cannot have every thing their own way. Married women weep to conquer. Tears are the most potent arms of matrimonial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused his wife, she weeps, and he relents and promises better behaviour. How many men have gone to bed in wrath, and risen in the morning quite subdued with tears and a curtain lecture? Women weep to get at their husbands' secrets, and they also weep when their own secrets have been revealed. They weep through pride, through vanity, through folly, through cunning, and through weakness. They will weep for a husband's misfortune, while they scold himself. A woman will weep over the dead body of her husband, while her vanity will ask her neighbours how she is fitted with her mournings. She weeps for one husband that she may get another. The 'Widow of Ephesus' bedewed the grave of her spouse with one eye, while she squinted love to a young soldier with the other. Drunkards are much given to weeping. They will shed tears of bitter repentance this moment and sin the next. It is no uncommon thing to hear them cursing the effects of intemperance, while they are poising the cup of indulgence, and gasping to gulp down its contents. The beggar and the tragedian weep for a livelihood; they can coin their tears and make them pass for the current money of the realm. The one weeps you into a charitable humour, and the other makes you pay for being forced to weep along with him. Sympathy bids us relieve the one, and curiosity prompts us to support the other. We relieve the beggar when he prefers his claim, and we pay the tragedian before hand. The one weeps whether we will or not, but the other weeps only when he is well paid for it. Poets are a weeping tribe. They are social in their tears; they would have the whole to weep along with them. Their sensibility is so exquisite, and their imaginations so fantastic, that they make even the material world to sympathize with their sorrows. The dew on the cheek of the lily is compared to tears on the cheek of a disconsolate maiden; when it glitters on the herbage at twilight, it is called the tears of the evening, and when the sun rises and exhales the dew drops from the flowers, it is said to wipe away the tears of the morning. Thus we have a weeping day and a weeping night. We have weeping rocks, weeping waterfalls, weeping willows, weeping grottoes, weeping skies, weeping climates, and, if any signal calamity has befallen a great man, we have, to finish the climax, a weeping world.

MANNERS OF THE TARTARS.—The *Pekin Gazette* contains an appeal from the ninth daughter of one of the Tartar kings. About eight years ago, the emperor, who arranges these matters for the whole imperial clan, ordered that she should become the wife of Leen che, the son of an officer of the yellow banner body guard. In about eleven months, before the marriage had taken place, her intended husband died. When Kik-kih, for that was the lady's name, heard of this event, she resolved to cut off her hair, join her husband's family, and remain a virgin for life. This chaste resolution reached the ears of the emperor, and he conferred on her an honorary tablet for the door of her apartment, and gave her a title descriptive of her virtue.

His Majesty, a few days ago, when worshipping and offering sacrifice on the altar of Hwang Te, the yellow emperor, and divine originator of agriculture, drank "the cup of bliss," and performed the grand ceremony of thrice kneeling and nine times putting his forehead to the ground. It seems he did not much like it, for he has censured the master of the ceremonies for giving the words "kneel, knock, kneel, knock, kneel, knock," too slowly.

OPINIONS.—*A Chinese Statesman.*—Under the reign of Shuntsung, Wang-kwei continued to keep the place of premier sixteen years. He was esteemed a great flatterer in his day, and, after his death, History handed him down to the laugh of posterity, by the appellation of "minister three wills." When going in to an audience of the emperor, he invariably said to his colleagues, "We'll *take* his majesty's *will*." When others were discussing the merits of a public measure, his one speech was, "We'll *submit* to his majesty's *will*." And after retiring from the imperial presence, he silenced all objections by saying, "We've *gotten* his majesty's *will*." A man, not very unlike the Chinese statesman Wang-kwei, we once knew in the western world. He had three opinions on every subject. "This," said he, "is my *private* opinion, this my *official* opinion, and this my *public* opinion."

MISCELLANY.

RANZ DES VACHES IN 'WILLIAM TELL.'

(Fisherboy in his boat sings.)

The lake smiles bright, in stirring light,
The little boy sleeps on the sunny flowers.
A voice sails slow
The waters along,
Like the flute's soft flow,
Or an angel's song
Heard from Eden's bowers!—
He wakens in wonder from his rest,
The light spray falls upon his breast;
Is it a dream, or is there a voice
That whispers winningly,
Lovely little one, come and rejoice;
From the deeps below I have looked on thee,
Lovely little one, come to me!

(Shepherd on the hill sings.)

Farewell! farewell to the field,
Farewell to the sunny lawn!
To the mountains we must away,
Summer is over and gone!
Away to the mountains, away!
With the cuckoo's call when the green woods ring,
When the small bird's song awaken's the Spring,
When the breeze is blithe and the fields are gay,
When the rivulet sparkles and sings on his way,
We hail thee, merry May!
Farewell! farewell to the field,
Farewell to the sunny lawn!
To the mountains we must away,
Summer is over and gone!

THE FATE OF CLEOPATRA.

By Mrs. Jameson.

"Cleopatra had erected near the Temple of Isis a magnificent building, which in history is called her *monument*, and which was probably designed as a sepulchre for her family; but, like many of the ancient tombs, it was constructed on the scale and with the solidity of a fortress. Thither she conveyed all her treasures, her gold and silver, her jewels, her pearls, her ebony, ivory, and cinnamon. It is curious to find cinnamon enumerated among the most valuable of her possessions; but in ancient times, when the countries which produced it were yet unknown, this spice was considered almost equivalent to gold: with these she mingled a quantity of flax and a number of torches. Octavius, under the greatest apprehension lest in a fit of despair or willfulness she should destroy these vast treasures, which he intended to appropriate to himself, sent to her message after message, assuring her of the gentlest treatment, all of which the queen received and answered with a complacency more affected than real; her subsequent behavior showed that she had never trusted Octavius, and his conduct and character equally proved that she had no reason to do so.

Meantime the adverse army appeared before the walls of Alexandria, and Antony, like a lion in the toils, seemed resolved to sell his life as dearly as he could: he made a desperate sally, in which he had the advantage, and drove back the enemy to their intrenchments. Cleopatra met him on his return to the palace; she threw herself into his arms, covered as he was with dust and blood, and when he presented to her a certain soldier who had fought with distinguished bravery by his side, the queen called for a helmet and target of pure gold from the royal treasures, and bestowed them on the warrior, adding 'words of such sweet breath composed as made the gifts more rich.' Loaded with these treasures, the soldier deserted the same night, and went over to the enemy; an instance of ingratitude which some of the friends of Antony regarded with superstitious horror, as ominous of his approaching fall. Another engagement took place a few days afterward with a far different result. All that remained of Antony's fleet and army surrendered to Octavius, almost before a blow was struck; and Antony returned to the city, exclaiming in a fury that he had been betrayed by Cleopatra, and execrating her as the cause of his misfortunes.

The unhappy queen, terrified by this explosion of passion, fled to her monument, accompanied by her two favourite women, Charmian and Iras, and having secured it strongly within, sent a slave to tell Antony that she was dead; but immediately afterward, repenting of this message, and fearful of the effect it might produce on him, she despatched her secretary Diomed to inform him that she still lived, and desired to see him once more. This assurance arrived too late. Diomed found the worst anticipations of his royal mistress fatally fulfilled; Antony lay on the ground, and weltering in his blood. He had given himself a mortal wound, but he was not yet dead; and in a faint voice he desired to be carried to Cleopatra. With her characteric timidity and selfishness, she could refuse, even at such a moment, to open the gates, from the apprehension of treason, and he was drawn up by cords into the monument; the queen herself assisted her women, distorting every feature by the violence of her efforts; while Antony, already in the agonies of death, extended his arms towards her from below. When they had succeeded in lifting him into the interior of the monument, he was laid on a couch, and Cleopatra, hanging over him, beat her bosom, rent her garments, called on him by a thousand tender names, and gave way to all the violence of feminine grief. Antony endeavored to sooth her, and while she wiped from his brow the blood, and the damps of approaching death, he called for wine, and drank to her. Soon afterward he expired in her arms, congratulating himself that, 'being a Roman, he had been by a Roman overcome.'

Antony was scarcely dead, when Proculeius arrived from Octavius, with orders to take Cleopatra alive, but she refused to yield, or to admit the messenger into her presence, and would only confer with him from the window. Proculeius assured her of the favour of Octavius, and she replied by again demanding Egypt for her children; she asked nothing for herself but permission to bury Antony.

Octavius, struck by this unexpected reserve, now began to suspect her design, and as her death would have disconcerted all his hopes of exhibiting her in triumph at Rome, to take her alive became an object of almost feverish anxiety. He succeeded by the following stratagem: he sent Gallus to confer with her at the gate of the monument; meanwhile Proculeius placed a ladder at the window, and while the queen was in deep conversation with Gallus, he entered from behind. Thus taken by surprise, she turned, and instantly drew her dagger, with intent to plunge it in her bosom; but Proculeius snatched it from her, and while she struggled in his arms, endeavoured to soothe her by the most persuasive arguments. He carefully examined her dress, lest she should have poison or weapons concealed about her, and then hurried with the news of his success to Octavius, who received it with exultation.

The means of self-destruction being carefully withheld, and guards posted day and night round the monument, Cleopatra apparently resigned herself to a fate which it was in vain to resist. Having obtained by her prayers the body of Antony, she performed the funeral rites herself with as much pomp and magnificence as she could have displayed in the days of her power. Soon after she was seized with a violent indisposition, and not only refused to take the remedies prescribed, but with a sullen resolution obstinately rejected food. Octavius became alarmed, and he had recourse to a cruel expedient to force her to attend to her health: all the children of Cleopatra were in his power, and he threatened to treat them with the utmost severity unless she submitted to the treatment of her physicians. Maternal tenderness was one of the few virtues of this woman, and the unfeeling menace of Octavius had its full effect: she consented to take medicine and food, and recovered.

Octavius soon after paid her a visit in her monument, and she received her conqueror with all that politeness, that artificial grace, for which she was so remarkable. Her appearance was deplorable, for her eyes were swelled with incessant weeping, and her bosom disfigured by the blows which she had inflicted on herself, according to the Egyptian custom, when she had performed the obsequies of Antony. Still she preserved her presence of mind, and her object was evidently to blind and disarm Octavius by her apparent submission, rather than impose on him by assuming any airs of dignity. She wept feigned tears, and threw herself on the protection of Octavius, as though she had *not* resolved to die. She gave up an inventory of her treasures; and when her treasurer Seleucus accused her of keeping back some articles of value, she gave a strong proof of the natural violence of her temper; she started up with sudden passion, caught him by the hair, and struck him several blows on the face. She assured Octavius that the jewels she had withheld were not for herself, but intended as presents to Octavia and Livia (the sister and wife of Octavius), by whose good offices she hoped to win his favour. Octavius in return spared neither protestations nor compliments; and after a conference of some length, the conqueror departed with the persuasion that her spirit was broken, and that she was completely subdued to his wishes—but he was totally mistaken. Cleopatra, with as much subtlety, had far more penetration than the Roman; she had seen through his mean designs and deep disguises, and while he was exulting in the hope of having deceived her, she triumphed in the certainty of having cheated him. Her resolve was fixed,—to die, rather than be led in triumph through the streets of Rome; a spectacle for the ferocious multitude; but timid by nature she dreaded what she most wished, and feared the means of death more than death itself. For several months, and even long before the death of Antony, she had occupied herself in experiments on the nature and operation of different poisons, and she found that the bite of the asp, a small venomous serpent, was the least painful and the most rapid in its effects. She had prevailed on a young Roman named Dolabella, to give her timely notice of the intentions of Octavius with respect to her future destination; and he sent her word privately that in three days she would be despatched into Italy, with her children, to grace the triumph of the conquerer.

On receiving this intelligence, Cleopatra sent a message to Octavius, requesting that she might be permitted to visit the tomb of Antony, and offer such oblations to the dead as were the custom of her nation. This being granted her, she was carried (still surrounded by a numerous guard) to the monument of her lover, and there, falling prostrate before it, and shedding floods of tears, she burst into the following lamentation:—'It is not long, my Antony, since with these hands I buried thee. Alas! they were then free; but thy Cleopatra is now a prisoner, attended, by a guard, lest, in the transports of her grief, she should disfigure this captive body, which is reserved to adorn the triumph over thee. These are the last offerings, the last honours she can pay thee; for she is now to be conveyed to a distant country. Nothing could part us while we lived, but in death we are to be divided. Thou, though a Roman, hast buried in Egypt; and I, an Egyptian, must be interred in Italy,—the only favour I shall receive from thy country. Yet, if the gods of Rome have power or mercy left (for surely those of Egypt have forsaken us), let them not suffer me to be led in living triumph to thy disgrace! No!—hide me, hide me with thee in the grave; for life, since thou hast left it, has been misery to me.' Having uttered these words, she again embraced the tomb, and, assisted by her women, she hung it with wreaths of flowers, and poured over it the funeral libations. These ceremonies duly performed, she returned with an air of composure to her monument, ordered her women Charmian and Iras to prepare a bath, to array her in her royal robes, and place the diadem of Egypt on her head. She then sat down and wrote a letter to Octavius, and having despatched this epistle by a confidential servant, she commanded a sumptuous banquet to be prepared, of which she partook cheerfully. Meantime her letter had been delivered to Octavius, and when he opened it, the plaintive and despairing style in which it was expressed at once betrayed her fatal intentions. He immediately despatched Proculeius and others with orders to save her if possible: but though they made the utmost speed, they arrived too late. On breaking open the doors of the monument, a spectacle at once terrible and affecting presented itself; Cleopatra, magnificently arrayed, lay dead on her couch; Iras, one of her women, was extended at her feet; the other, still alive, was arranging the diadem on the head of her mistress. Proculeius exclaimed, 'Was this well done, Charmian?' to which she replied, 'Yes, Roman! it was well done; for such a death became so great a queen:' and on uttering there words, she fell and expired on the body of her mistress.

Thus perished this celebrated woman, whose character exhibits such an extraordinary mixture of grandeur and littleness, and whose life and fate present something so wildly magnificent to the fancy that we dare not try her by the usual rules of conduct, nor use her name to point a commonplace moral, but must needs leave her as we find her, a dazzling piece of witchcraft, with which sober reasoning has nothing to do. She died in her 39th year, having reigned twenty-two years from the death of her brother Ptolemy. She was twenty-three years younger than Antony, to whom her attachment had lasted fourteen years; and though policy and ambition might have mingled with her love for him, there is no reason to suppose her guilty of treachery or infidelity to him during this period.

Although Octavius was beyond measure incensed and disappointed by her death, he could not refuse to pay her funeral honours; but, with characteristic meanness, he commanded all the statutes which existed of her to be demolished—a usual method among the Romans of expressing hatred and vengeance. A man named Archidius, whom Cleopatra had treated with kindness, offered a thousand talents to redeem them from destruction; and Octavius, in whom the spirit of avarice was even stronger than the spirit of vengeance, suffered them at this price to stand."

A ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT.

The King gave a grand dinner last evening *(the anniversary of the taking of Seringapatam)* at the Palace of St. James's, to the Directors of the East Company, some of the Cabinet Ministers, all the Officers of State, and the Officers of the Household, the Members of the Board of Control, and a numerous party of noblemen and gentlemen, who have held distinguished offices, civil as well as military, in India.

The dinner was served in the Banqueting-room, where four tables were laid out, one at each end, and two in the middle of the room, covered with a magnificent service of gold and silver plate. In the middle of each table were plateaus, containing centre-pieces, with allegorical and marine subjects, with candelabra interspersed. At one end of the room was a splendid sideboard of gold plate extending the entire width of the apartment; it consisted of several stages in a pyramidical form, with a back-ground of crimson, which greatly heightened the effect: the outline was relieved with crimson draperies.

At the bottom of the sideboard was a golden tiger's head, flanked by two of the standards of Tippoo Saib. The head and carpet formed part of the throne of Tippoo Sultan. The head is of wood, covered with plates of the purest gold about one-tenth of an inch in thickness, the teeth and eyes are of rock crystal.

Tippoo's Throne was of an octagonal form, and entirely covered with similar plates of gold, marked with the Tiger's stripe. Over the Throne was raised a canopy of gold, supported by eight elegant but strong pillars. There was a fringe of pearls round the edge of the canopy, of about four inches in depth, and the whole was crowned with the figure of a Huma, a fabulous bird, which in the East is considered an emblem of royalty and prosperity composed entirely of precious stones, and which was sent to England, to be presented to George III. in 1799. The head, with four legs representing those of a tiger, was placed under the Throne, which was supposed to be supported by the Royal tiger, the distinctive mark and armorial bearing of Tippoo's family.

The rich carpet by which the head is accompanied was used by Tippoo upon his musnud, on days of state and public ceremony. To this splendid throne might be applied the lines of Milton:—

"Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
"Showers on her kings barbaric, pearl and gold."

In front of the base which supports the head is the following inscription:—

"This trophy was taken at the storming of Seringapatam, 4th May, 1799.

"Richard, Earl of Mornington, then Governor General of India; General Harris, commanding the British forces."

The sacred huma was placed at some distance above the head. Antique cups and tankards, embellished with most elaborate workmanship, with a great variety of subjects in ivory, and enriched with precious stones, and a great many salvers of large dimensions, most of them representing battle-pieces, together with other articles of plate, were tastefully arranged on the sideboard.

The company assembled in the Ball Room, and on dinner being announced, His Majesty, preceded by the Master of the Household, the Treasurer and Comptroller of the Household, the Lord Chamberlain and the Groom of the Stole, and the Lord Steward, led the way through the Tapestry Room, the Guard Chamber (lined by the Yeomen Guard,) to the Banquetting Room, the band of the First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards, who were stationed in an ante-room, playing "God save the King," as the company passed through the rooms.—*Lond. May 5.*

THE CHOLERA.

We continue our attempt to supply an *authentic* record of the progress of the malady—embracing all that is important.

At Quebec.—Cases of Asiatic Cholera in the two hospitals, from 8 o'clock A. M. on the 8th, to 8 o'clock A. M. on the 20th inst.

	Remaining from last Report.	Admissions.	Convalescent.	Discharged cured.	Dead.	Remaining.	Total Admissions.	Total Deaths.
June 8th	—	3	—	—	2	1	3	2
" 9th	1	13	—	—	6	8	16	8
" 10th	8	10	—	—	11	7	26	19
" 11th	7	13	—	—	11	9	39	30
" 12th	9	27	—	—	13	23	66	43
" 13th	23	77	9	—	40	60	143	83
" 14th	60	48	8	—	41	67	191	124
" 15th	67	68	17	2	37	96	259	161
" 16th	96	98	31	3	36	155	357	197
" 17th	155	47	62	5	37	160	404	234
" 18th	160	46	57	2	23	181	450	257
" 19th	181	62	46	12	32	199	512	289
" 20th	199	60	44	20	40	186	572	329

The Bulletins, thus far, have made no mention of those who are attacked and die at their own residences. It is impossible at this time to give an accurate list of this class of cases; some estimate may be made, by a calculation of the proportionate mortality among those who arrive at the hospitals.

It appears that the cholera has broken out among the troops of the garrison, and that two of the soldiers have died.

We have to lament the loss of a distinguished citizen in the death of C. N. Perrault, Secretary of the Bureau of Medicine, and one of the resident physicians of the city of Quebec. Mr. Perrault had, since the commencement of the prevailing malady, shown a degree of zeal and activity truly exemplary, and he died we may say, a victim to his devotion to the duties of his calling. This gentlemen was one of the most distinguished of our Canadian physicians, and in him the faculty have met with a loss, which it will be difficult to repair. Mr. Perrault died on Saturday a little after mid-day.

On the 18th, the Board of Health and the medical faculty officially announced, that "the prevailing epidemic had considerably abated during the last two days in the violence of its symptoms and the fatality of its termination"—an announciation which its figures in the table confirm. On the following day, (19th,) however, the disease seemed to be increasing.

The Board of Health of Quebec have ordered all taverns in that place and Banlieu to be closed as taverns under the severest penalties of the law until further notice. They have also doubled the allowance to the medical attendants at the hospitals, and have recommended to the clergy to report the whole number of burials attended by them during the prevailing malady, and daily in future, all cases of a suspicious character.—*Le Canadien.*

AT MONTREAL.

From the Canadian Courant, June 20.

This disease continues its ravages among with fatal destructiveness. On Saturday the Board of Health issued the following bulletin:—

Board of Health, 2½ P. M. 16th June, 1832.

Number of cases since the last report, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M. 15th June, making 24 hours, including milder cases of cholera, 431
Deaths as ascertained, 82
Recovered or remaining, 348
Number of cases from Saturday 16th, at 2 P. M., to Sunday 17th, at 2 P. M. 475
Deaths, same period, 102
373
Number of cases from Sunday 17th, at 2 P. M., to Monday 18th, at 2 P. M. 313

The deaths for the same period cannot be ascertained with such certainty as to give an authentic report thereof; but on the authority of Dr. Nelson, the Health Commissioner, the number of deaths is less than that of the preceding day.

The Board regret that in consequence of the illness as well of Dr. Nelson, the Health Commissioner, upon whom the report of cases and results devolves, as of several other of the medical practitioners, they have not been enabled to procure for the public, since Saturday, that which they anxiously desire to give—daily reports. This day for the same cause the report remains incomplete, and the Board from a desire not to hazard what might prove erroneous, state nothing from supposition. The citizens of Montreal may however rest assured that no exertion shall be spared by the Board hereafter to give a daily and correct report, which shall in all cases be founded only on authentic documents.

Recapitulation.—Remaining at the report of the

	12th inst.	70
do	15th	974
do	16th	349
do	17th	373
do	18th	313
		2079
Died, as per report of the 12th inst.		23
do do	15th	230
do do	16th	82
do do	17th	102
do do	18th no return	—
		437
Total cases,		2516

This melancholy statement falls short of the amount of mortality, as it contains no report of deaths for Monday or Tuesday. As far as we are enabled to judge from personal observation and inquiries at the different burial grounds, there are no grounds for saying that the disease has abated. The calls on the priests at the Seminary were not so numerous yesterday as they had been on preceding days. The mortality however continues, as will be seen by the following statement of burials, viz:

Monday, Catholics 80 Protestants 38
Tuesday, 91 52
The interments of yesterday were:
St. Antoine burial place (Catholic) 91
Old and new burying grounds, 52
Common of St. Ann, 6
Total, 119

The disease had considerably abated yesterday afternoon among the Canadians of French extraction.

We cannot close our remarks on this subject, without noticing the absurdity of the panic which has seized our fellow citizens; great numbers have left town, several of whom have been seized on the way, and perished for want of that prompt medical assistance which they might have obtained in town. To fly from a disease which has now spread itself almost over the whole surface of this earth is as hopeless as to attempt to fly from the presence of the Divine Being. We entreat our fellow citizens to repose entire confidence in that God, whose tender mercies are over all his works, who inflicts his creatures not in vain. Let them take hold of this infallible Comforter and they can look on the malady with resignation, and whilst they entertain strong hopes of being preserved, they can say with Christian resignation, "Thy will be done." This is the spirit in which such a calamity should be met. Those who permit fear to take hold of them, augment the hazard of escape, and we have no hesitation in repeating our assertion of last Saturday, that many die of fear alone.

We observe another very improper practice among the sailors and many of the laborers. They betake themselves to intemperance, and our streets often exhibit scenes of inebriety and resound to the song of the Bacchanalian. For the honor of religion, for the ease of mind of those who are annoyed by such exhibitions, and for the safety of those who thus forget the solemnity of this time, we hope such abuses will disappear.

A great number of shops have been closed, especially in St. Paul street. This is very improper, and the Magistrates should endeavour to persuade their proprietors to open them without delay. Persons passing through the streets suppose that there is a death in every house that is closed; whereas they are in almost every instance merely shut on account of the stagnation of business, or through the fears of the occupants. The shops should be opened immediately, whether sales are effected or not, and everything like dread of Cholera should be put down by public disapprobation and hooted at as dangerous cowardice.

We noticed in our last that the cases of recovery were numerous where the patients had been temperate and had early medical assistance; we have since had abundant proofs that our opinion was correct and we know that seven out of every ten cases will, with proper and immediate treatment, end in recovery, where the constitution has not been previously debilitated by sickness, intemperance or old age.

We yesterday visited the Cholera Hospitals on the Common of St. Ann, and in the St. Louis suburbs. As few of our readers in this city would feel desirous of making such a visit, we will attempt a brief description of these receptacles. They are mere temporary sheds closed in with rough deals, with here and there a hole cut to serve as a window, and in most instances straw for bedding; no farmer would consider them as comfortable accommodations for his cattle; and yet in these miserable sheds are persons brought laboring under a malady which, of all others that afflict the human frame, requires warmth, prompt attention and comfortable beds. They might be more properly called dying houses than hospitals. In such a time as this when an editor knows not but every paragraph he writes may be his last, it is painful to raise the voice of complaint; we feel ourselves, however, so imperatively compelled to appeal to the public on behalf of the miserable inmates of these places, that we cannot keep silence on the subject. The keepers and the nurses are attentive and humane; the physicians who attend use every effort the place will admit; but with the wretched accommodations which the patients have, little can be done to save them. As a proof of this, we believe only four or five have recovered out of upwards of 60 patients. Should not the board of health attend to these things?

From the Montreal Herald, of the 23d.

The following is the report of the Board of Health, since our last publication:—

From Tuesday, 2 o'clock, P. M. to Wednesday, 20th, at 2 o'clock, P. M. new cases reported	165	
Deaths in same period		88
Reports from Wednesday, 20th June, 2 o'clock, to Thursday, 21st June, 2 o'clock, new cases	137	
Deaths—Protestant burial ground		40
Do. Catholics do. do.		32
Total,	302	160

Be it remarked that here is a total of 160 deaths, exhibited in a period of 48 hours, when we are told that the disease has vanished, and the success of the medical practitioners is *astonishing*.

We have no report from Thursday to Friday, but we have reason to believe the same mortality has prevailed, although few new cases have occurred.

New cases of Cholera from June 21, 2. P. M. to Friday, June 22, 2 P. M. 113
Medical Gentlemen who have not yet reported, Drs. Stephenson, Porter, Holmes, and Brousseau.
Number of Burials in the Protestant Burying Grounds, of Cholera, on Friday, 16
At the Shed, St. Anns 3
Catholic Burying Grounds of Cholera, 22
(Do. do. of ordinary diseases 31)
Total of Cholera, 41

From the Atlas of Saturday.

Gratitude for our deliverance thus far from the Cholera, is our next duty to the use of means to prevent, or provide for its appearance amongst us, and to giving such aid and relief as may be in our power to the unhappy emigrants and others whom this fearful calamity has exposed to such dangers and sufferings on our borders. All that is important, and seems authentic, so far as had been ascertained at the time, in relation to the malady at Quebec and Montreal, is furnished in a subsequent column of this paper. Later advices make some addition to these statements. The official report from the two hospitals at Quebec, for the 21st, was, "remaining 119, admitted 37, convalescent 46, discharged cured 6, dead 32, remaining 198. Total admissions 699, total deaths 361." Hence it appears that the mortality is very little below that of every day for more than a week previous, although there is a very considerable reduction in the number attacked. Whether this may be owing to the fact that of those most liable to the disease the greater part had already become its victims, or to other causes, the reader will judge for himself. The very latest information we have from Quebec is contained in the following extract from the Gazette of the 22d:—"We can state with confidence that this malady has somewhat abated. In the Upper Town we have not heard of any new cases to-day or yesterday. In most parts of the Lower Town also, the disease has nearly disappeared." Cases however were still occurring among the shipping and in the suburbs.

The entire mortality at Quebec is not shown in the hospital reports we have quoted. The deaths there set forth are less than one half of the melancholy total. The Gazette of the 22d gives, on the authority of the registers of the several churches &c. particulars which swell the amount to *nine hundred and ninety-three*. Such have been the ravages of this disease in the brief period of 14 days, and among a population largely estimated, as it seems to us, as follows: resident population, 27,000; passenger population, 10,000:—37,000. At this calculation we have a loss of human life, in a single fortnight, at the appalling rate of one out of every thirty-seven of the people; and if it be considered that scarcely any besides adults were among the victims, it will be seen how much the ratio is comparatively increased. The mortality then in Quebec has been more than half that caused in Vienna, with her 300,000 inhabitants; more than double that at Hamburgh with 100,000; and almost two-thirds of that in London, containing a million and a half of souls!

From Montreal we have nothing very definite or conclusive. A letter of the 23d says "reports respecting the Cholera are more favourable. We have heard of no new cases to-day among the respectable classes. People look rather more cheerful." One of the 25th from Messrs. Gates & Co. is of similar tenor. It has appeared at Laprairie, St. Johns, Chambly, Longueil, Varennes, Vercherres, Berthier, L'Assomption (doubtful,) La Chine, Cascades, Coteau du Lac, Cornwall, Prescott, Brockville, York and Niagara (it is said) in Upper Canada; and two cases near, and one in, Ogdensburgh in this state, are announced. How long we may escape is a matter of the most absolute uncertainty. Preparations in expectancy of the visitation are making in most parts of the land from which we have heard. Governor Howard of Maryland, has by proclamation recommended the observance of the Fourth of July as a day of thank offering to the Almighty for the blessings he has conferred on this country, and of Prayer that the land may be preserved from the visitation of the Cholera, or that its calamitous effects may be mitigated.

Respecting the real nature of the malady, and its proper mode of treatment, we fear nothing has been learned. All the testimony on these points, that we have seen, only goes to render "darkness visible." We thought we were sufficiently mystified before—by the first European medical advice, to refuse saline medicines and employ steam-baths, to which succeeded strong recommendations of dry heating applications, and assertions of the surprising efficacy of various salts as prescribed by Dr. Stevens; by the directions on the one hand to bleed, and on the other not to bleed; to give emetics, and not to give them; to try friction, mustard poultices and stimulating applications internally, as advised by the greater part of the professional men in England, Scotland and France, and again utterly to reject this mode of treatment, unless you choose to do wrong, and to make use, instead, of cold water and ice, if you desire to employ the most sure means of restoration, as Broussais directs—while Dr. McNevers, as it happens, is here illustrating the attack of the Cholera by comparing its symptoms and effects with those produced, and commonly fatal, by drinking cold water.

It is well known that many of the more ignorant part of society in Paris committed much folly and violence during the prevalence of the Cholera, and even sacrificed some lives to their infatuation and jealousy, under the belief that there was no such disease—but that its frightful symptoms and mortal consequences were produced by the infusion of poisons into the water, wine and milk with which the inhabitants were supplied. In Scotland something like this was witnessed in several instances—but the excitement was commonly caused by opinions not exactly corresponding with those held by the Parisians, but more like those which produced similar results in Dublin, and perhaps elsewhere in Ireland. These are referred to in the address of Archbishop Murray, to which we give place to-day; and perhaps a fuller account and explanation may be desirable. We therefore make an extract from a letter of April 27th, in relation to the matter.

"This city is in a great state of excitement. The poorer classes are persuaded that the medical men are not only careless of their patients' lives, but that they are dealing unfairly with them in the hospitals, and intent on procuring subjects at any hazard, &c. On Wednesday some well known and humane physicians were violently exclaimed against as poisoners of the sick, and their lives threatened in the street; and it was apprehended that the Parisian scenes of outrage were about to be imitated here by a populace much more excitable, and more hostile to all connected with anatomical arrangements. However, no serious mischief has hitherto been done beyond the destruction of a few cots and carts employed in bringing patients to the cholera hospital, tearing down one dispensary, pelting the horse police with stones while guarding the carts containing patients, and in one case throwing a bottle of vitriol from a window at them. At all times the Irish poor have had a horror of hospital practice, but now it shows itself violently. Patients are hidden by their families between beds from the inspecting police, and forcible resistance is offered in many cases ere they will allow their relatives to be removed from their own houses. However, yesterday less opposition was given to the authorities. This is to be attributed in a great measure to the excellent conciliatory advice contained in a letter to the Roman Catholic clergy and people of his diocess by the Roman Catholic Archbishop Murray, and to the prompt measures taken to repress disturbances by the police. Yesterday two mob leaders in the riots and assaults of the day before were tried before the Recorder, found guilty, and sentenced to one and three months' imprisonment in Newgate respectively."

Under the recommendation of a large number of the Clergy and others, of different denominations, Thursday last was observed as a day of public *fasting, humiliation, and prayer*, for Divine protection from the visitation of the Cholera, &c. To an address from the same, and other sources, requesting the Governor of the State, by proclamation, to set apart a day for a similar observance, His Ex'cy replied that he thought such appointments should emanate only from the religious and not from political authorities.

"It is urged (he remarks) that a proclamation for a fast, emanating from the Executive, is not a violation of the constitution, in as much as it is not an order, but a recommendation; and that as it issues from a power which the people are inclined to respect, it is the most convenient mode of effecting a concert of action throughout the state. My answer to this is, that although a proclamation does not issue as a command, yet the design of proclaiming it in an official character, is to give the influence of a mandate to an unauthorised act.

As fasting, humiliation and prayer, are religious rites, so the recommendation of a day for that purpose is an appeal to the religious sentiments of the community, and should, in my opinion, proceed from an authority which has its influence over the consciences of men, rather than their civil obligations."

The Board of Assistants of the Common Council, passed a resolution on Monday for recommending Thursday as a day of religious observance, in the way above named, but the Board of Aldermen non-concurred in the resolution, on the ground that it did not belong to their office to make such a recommendation. A letter from Bishop Onderdonk has since been published, in which he expresses his intention to suggest to the Clergy of the Episcopal Church, the propriety of opening their churches for public worship and instruction, on the fourth of July next, and providing according to the canons for its due observance, adding, "we have reason, brethren, to bless God, that the prospect of the near approach of danger is less than it was. Let not this circumstance, however, call off our minds from the public and private religious improvement of our situation."

Cleanliness.—We find the following in the Daily Advertiser. The advice appears to deserve consideration.

Of physical causes, we know none for the remarkable lightness of the ravages of the Cholera in Edinburgh,—I speak of the small number attacked by it—except the preparation made beforehand to meet the scourge. We have done much, but at this season of the year we must persist in our course. I would suggest, that by order of the Common Council, or Board of Health, Lime, and Chloride of Lime should be constantly carried about the city, and sold in suitable quantities to every family, say once a week, at cost. In this way it might be made universally useful, and with an equal distribution of the burden. Where the family is too poor to buy, a specific quantity should be furnished gratuitously. As the case now is, by sending for a small quantity the purchaser is charged an exorbitant price, and is discouraged, not only by this, but by finding that his neighbours neglect their premises, so that all his own trouble and expense seem useless. If there were no other reasons for desiring to preserve the health of the city, economy is sufficient. One week like those endured by Montreal and Quebec would cost New York more than all the Chloride of Lime and other precautionary expenditures *for a year*.

D. H.

Extension of Quarantine.—The Governor has issued the following proclamation:

Whereas, by an act of the legislature of this State, passed this day, a copy of which is appended to this Proclamation, all vessels, boats rafts and other craft, and all persons, arriving at any port or place within this State, from any port of Upper or Lower Canada, are declared to be subject to quarantine, on account of the supposed existence of the Asiatic or malignant Cholera in those provinces.

I do hereby, as directed by that act, proclaim and make known, that the quarantine aforesaid now exists, and I do also, as required by the said act, call upon all the magistrates and citizens of this state to aid in enforcing the same: and I do specially enjoin upon the common councils of the several cities of this state, upon the trustees of every incorporated village in this state, and particularly those in the counties bounded by Lakes Erie, Ontario, and Champlain, and the river St. Lawrence, or bounded by or intersected by the Hudson River, or any of the canals in this State, and upon all the justices of the peace, sheriffs, constables, supervisors, overseers of the poor, superintendants of poor-houses, and inspectors of county prisons, to be prompt and faithful in the discharge of their duties, as prescribed by the said act.

Given under my hand, and the privy seal of the State of New-York, at the city of Albany, this [L.S.] twenty second day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred, and thirty-two.

E. T. Throop.

Captain Crocker.—The veteran navigator, the Nestor among commanders of packet ships, has bid farewell to the ocean, after completing his one hundred and sixty fourth passage across it, and he retires from his profession with the hearty good wishes and respect of all who knew him on both sides of the Atlantic. The distance accomplished by this experienced seaman in the course of his various voyages might furnish the ground of some amusing calculations. Averaging the trips at four thousand miles each, (certainly within the mark) and we have a total of 756,000 miles—nearly two thirds of a million. This is more than equal to thirty entire circuits of the globe, and the fabulous exploit of Orlando Furioso, whom Arios to describes as making a journey to the moon, was not, so far as distance is concerned, greater than has

been achieved by Captain Crocker. Supposing this gentleman to be now about sixty, and to have commenced his profession at about fifteen years of age, in the forty-five years that he has followed the sea, we have an average of nearly fifty miles sailed every day through all that long period. We very much doubt whether there is any sea captain living who has performed as many passages across the Atlantic as Captain Crocker; and we are very sure that it has been the lot of none of them to retire from his profession with the heartier good will and respect of all who knew him.—*Ev. Post.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1832.

MOUSTACHES.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face.
HUDIBRAS.

"What's them are things growing out of your upper lip, Mister?" asked a country Yankee of a coxcomb whom he met the other day.

"Sar!" exclaimed the dandy, fiercely, raising his rattan, and bristling up to the interrogator—"what business is that to you, sar?"

"Oh, no business of any consequence, to speak on," replied the Yankee—"I jest axed for information, not being much acquainted with them are things."

"Well, sar!" returned the gallant, angrily, "what if you aint acquainted with 'em? Must a fellow of your cloth have the impudence to question a gentleman of mine?"

"Is that raally your cloth, Mister, or is it the tailor's?" asked the countryman.

"The tailor's!" exclaimed the coxcomb, fiercely—"what do you mean by that? Do you intend to insinuate that I—Sdeath! sar, I'll not—

"Well, I thought as much," returned the Yankee, carelessly sticking his hands in his breeches pockets, and standing stiff before the dandy—"I thought you never intended to pay for them."

"What is that to you whether I pay for them or not? Havn't I a right to manage as I please with my own tailor—to pay him, or to let it alone?"

"Why, Mister, that depends very much on what sort of a bargain you make. If your tailor agrees to let you cheat him, why, that's his look out, not mine. But you havn't told me yet what you call them are things on your upper lip."

"Sar, you're an impertinent puppy, sar."

"So I heard you say. Now father, he's got a tarryer dog—but he don't tarry much, I can tell you—he'll kill three rats in two seconds—but, as I was saying, father, he's got a tarryer dog, that's darned tough and hairy about the mouth—but, Lord! he aint a circumstance to you. He'd cling his tail between his legs if he was to see you, and cry Ti-i! ti-i! and run to the end of the world without ever stopping. My gracious! how like the divil you do look with them are things."

"Look! why, sar, they are all the go now. There's no finished gentleman now but what wears moustachios."

"Mustychers, do you call 'em? Well, by hokey, they are musty, and rusty too. They look very much like the latter end of our dog's tail, where he brushes it on the floor. Faugh! I wouldn't touch 'em no more than—"

"Touch 'em! sar, if you offer to put a finger on them, I'll cane you within an inch of your life—I will, sar."

"What, with that are switch, Mister? I shouldn't mind it no more than I should an oat-straw."

"Well, sar, you offer to touch my moustaches, and see if you don't get it."

"Touch your mustychers! Why, I'd as lieves touch two old chaws of tobacker, that have jest been spit out. Touch 'em, indeed! Why, Mister, I wouldn't touch 'em with the tongs. I can't conceive, for my life, what should induce any human critter to wear sich darned nasty looking things as them."

"Nasty looking! do you call 'em? Sar, you have no taste. Nasty looking, indeed! Why, sar, they are all the admiration of the ladies."

"Ladies! ha, ha, ha! Ladies! They must have a queer notion any how. But there are some women who are onaccountable fond of puppies, and sich-like animals; and I've seen 'em fondle and kiss 'em, as if they were human critters. But, Lord! I don't see how any woman could ever let her lips come within gun-shot of yourn. Admiration of the ladies!"

"Do you question what I say, sar?"

"Why, Mister, I don't know what kind of ladies you have in the city here. But one thing I can tell you—our country gals wouldn't no more let you touch 'em than they would a toad—they're very particular what comes in contact with their lips. But, Mister, how in the name of hair and brustles do you eat? How do you go to work to git the victuals into your mouth, with them are things hanging over it, like a hedge-fence over the side of a ditch? Do you eat meat and sich like? or do you live upon spoon-victuals."

"It's none of your business, sar, what I live on. I board at seven dollars a week; and I eat what I please, sar, and I drink what I please."

"Seven dollars a week! my gracious! we git board and washing, and all, in the country, for a dollar and a half. But I 'spose they charge you five dollars and a half extra for them are mustychers. Faugh! I wouldn't have 'em at the table for ten dollars."

"D—n it! what a fool I am to stand here talking with a fellow of your cloth." Thus saying, the man with the moustaches flourished his dandy switch, wheeled about, and walked on. He had gone but a few steps, when the Yankee bawled after him—

"Hullea! Mister—Don't you want a curry-comb? I've got some real fine ones, with teeth on both sides. They're bang-up, I can tell you."

"Curse your curry-combs! and you too."

"Don't swear, Mister—nor go off in a passion. I meant no offence in what I've said. But I must declare you're the darn'dest ugly looking man in the face, I ever see in all my life."

A POLITE SEA-ROBBER.

We often read of exceedingly polite and gentlemanly highwaymen, who rob with such marvellous courtesy that a man can hardly feel it in his heart to withhold his watch, his purse, or aught of goods and chattels that he may chance to have about him. But it is quite otherwise with your *sea-robbers, alias* pirates, who are represented as a most brutal and unfeeling set, who have not the least dash of politeness about them, to redeem their characters from unmitigated odium. Such being their general reputation, it is with no slight feelings of relief that we read the account of so polished and courteous a villain as the one described below. It is extracted from the "Adventures of a Wanderer." He had shipped, at New Orleans, on board the Governor Griswold, bound to Havana and Liverpool, as steward:—

We got (says he) under way, and proceeded down the river until we came to a place called the English Turn, when a boat, manned by twelve or fourteen men, came off from shore, and when they arrived within hail, they called to us and asked if we wanted a pilot. The captain answered, "No;" when upon the man in the stern of the boat ordered one of the men to throw him a rope. The rope was handed him, and it being made fast to the boat, he came alongside. He ascended the ladder, and came on board with all his men excepting four, who remained in the boat. The captain of these desperadoes was a tall, slender man, dark complexioned, and terrible in aspect. His eye was black and piercing, his nose slightly Roman, and he wore a huge pair of sable moustaches. His men were a ferocious-looking band, hardy, and sun-burnt. He saluted the captain in a courteous manner, and was profuse of compliments.

His men, who wore long red Indian stockings, red caps, and were armed with pistols and knives, sauntered carelessly about the deck.

The pirate captain asked our captain where he was bound; he answered correctly, "To Liverpool, via Havana."

Our captain then cut short the interrogations of the pirate, by saying, "I know your business."

The pirate then turned to our crew, and asked them what sort of usage they had received since they left Europe.

"Tolerable," they replied, "but very little grog."

The pirate then called for the steward. I made my appearance. "Have you plenty of grog on board?" inquired he.

I replied in the affirmative. "Fill up that bucket," said he, "and carry it down the forecastle for the men to drink." I took up the bucket at which he pointed, carried it into the cabin, and filled it with liquor. I then took it forward to the forecastle, where the men received it and conveyed it below.

As soon as the crew had got below, and were assembled around the bucket, the pirate placed two of his men upon the scuttle to prevent any of the crew from coming on deck, while he with two of his gang stuck close to the captain and mate. "Now, steward," said the pirate, "go down and invite all your passengers to come upon deck." I did as I was ordered. Our passengers were a lady and two small children, and a gentleman who had been engaged in teaching a school in New Orleans, but having received a letter purporting that the death of a near relation had left him heir to a large fortune, had embarked for his home, which was London.

These persons came on deck. The lady was much frightened, but the pirate told her to be under no apprehension, and soothed her with language which would not have disgraced the court of Great Britain. The pirate now gave orders to bring up the gentleman's trunk. The trunk was laid at his feet. "Now," said he, "bring up all the captain and mate's property." They also were produced.

He then proceeded to overhaul the captain's trunk, which contained "no great shakes."

"Captain, you have a very poor kit!" said he, with a scornful smile.

The pirate then examined the passenger's trunk. It contained about 140 dollars in specie. In rummaging the trunk, the pirate fell in with the letter containing the information in respect to the fortune which had been left the passenger. This letter the pirate read, and giving a significant glance at the fortunate man whose direction it bore, folded it up carefully and laid it down.

He then turned to the captain, and asked him if the man had paid his passage. "No," answered the captain. "How much does his passage cost?" inquired the pirate. "Two hundred and twenty dollars," replied the captain. "That you must lose," said the pirate.

Then turning to the passenger—"You," said he, "I will use fairly! You will want," continued the pirate, "when you arrive at Liverpool, two dollars to pay the porter for carrying your trunk;" he laid down the money; "your passage to London will cost you £2 10s.;" he counted it out and placed it with the two dollars; "your dinner will come to five shillings, and you may want £2 more to treat some of your friends;" he laid down the money with the rest; "and for fear that will not be sufficient, here are 25 dollars more." He presented the amount of these several items to the passenger, gave the remainder to one of his gang, and told him to pass it into the boat. He then very courteously asked the time of day. The captain pulled out a fine watch, and answered that it was half past three. "Your watch takes my fancy mightily," said the pirate, and taking it from the captain, put it into his fob with great *nonchalance*, and walked forward to the forecastle. "Come up here, two of you who are sober," said he. Two of the sailors stumbled up, and all the rest came reeling after.

"Go down into the cabin, and bring me up all the small arms you can find," said the pirate. The two first sailors went down, and soon returned with an old fowling piece and a pair of pistols.

"Now," said he, turning to the sailors, "if any of you, boys, wish to change your situation for better pay and a shorter passage, I will give you a chance; for rent I am after, and rent I'll have! But stop!" cried he, "this lady I had almost forgotten; come here, madam, let me hear a little of your worldly concerns."

She immediately commenced an eloquent harangue, accompanied with tears. She had gone on for some time in this manner, when the pirate impatiently cried, "Avast! avast! there, that's enough; I'd sooner face the battery of a ninety-eight, than stem the torrent of female eloquence!"

He then ordered some brandy for himself and his men.

The liquor was brought; I poured out a glass full for him, when he said, "Stop! captain, just be so good as to drink this off yourself; after you is manners. I don't know what some of you Yankee inventors may have put into this liquor. You may have thrown an onyx in the cup." The captain drank it off readily. The pirate eyed the captain closely for a few moments, and then said to his followers, "Come, my boys, we may venture;" and the decanter was soon drained of its contents. The pirate then pointed to the maintop, and requested the captain to take a walk up that way. "And you, Mr. mate," said he, "begin to travel up the fore-rigging. But mind!" said he, "stop when I tell you!" The captain and mate had proceeded half way up the lower rigging, when he summoned them to halt. The captain was about stepping upon the next rattling, when the pirate again hailed him—"If you stir an inch backward or forward," said he, "you will come down faster than you went up." The captain looked down and saw several pistols levelled at him, ready to be discharged on the instant. He therefore remained stationary.

Then the pirate taking off his cap, addressed the passengers. He told them that he was once poor himself, and therefore knew how to sympathise with persons in distress. He hoped that they would be grateful for the lenity which he had shown them; and then wishing them a pleasant voyage, he stepped over the side into his boat, and was soon lost to our view beneath the foliage of the thick underwood which lined the shore and hung over the green wave.

MRS. TROLLOPE.—The American editor of Mrs. Trollope's book has undertaken to prove, by sundry arguments, that there is, distinctively, no such personage as Mrs. Trollope; and that the fair author of the said book is one and the same individual with Capt. Basil Hall—or 'All, as a Cockney would pronounce it. But of what gender the author is, this editor doth not pretend to decide—to wit, whether the amiable Mrs. Trollope formerly appeared in breeches, or whether the gallant Capt. 'All hath latterly appeared in petticoats.

The Cincinnati Gazette says—"Her whole appearance and conduct corresponded with her name. She was an impudent kind of *man-woman*, of vulgar exterior both in person and dress, of forward manners, and altogether just such a woman as no man could choose as the mentor of either daughters or sons. She speculated unfortunately, failed to make her way into society, got largely in debt, and left us, as she staid with us, with discredit."

Now we say, fie! fie! upon these editors! "to go for" to pretend to call the sex of Mrs. Trollope in question! We will lay any wager, that they are both great tobacco-chewers; and belong to that spitting class whereof the delicate Trollope hath discoursed so eloquently in her book. Fie! fie! upon you, gentlemen!

DISGRACEFUL.—The Boston Transcript states, that a young gentleman, from this city, has been very much persecuted, in the Literary Emporium, on account of his effeminate appearance—being suspected of being a woman in pantaloons. He "was compelled by a mob of boys to take refuge in a house in Water-street. A mob of men was soon collected, and for nearly two hours from 1500 to 2000 persons surrounded the premises, all anxious to see the supposed woman. The proper authorities interfered, and the persecuted *man* was safely conducted to his boarding house."

The Transcript does not mention his name, but says he is of respectable connexions, and is there on a visit. "On his arrival he took up his residence at the Tremont House, which he was compelled to leave by the impudent intrusion of the waiters—whose curiosity overpowered their sense of duty—on his privacy." One could well dispense with a beard this hot weather. But it is better to be

"bearded like the pard,"

than to be thus persecuted on account of a smooth face. In relation to the gentleman above-mentioned, we cannot help uniting with the Transcript in the hope that he will prove himself a man "by knocking down the first scoundrel that insults him."

MEDICAL MANSION.—We would call public attention to an establishment, entitled the "Medical Mansion," whereof an advertisement, accompanied with an engraving, appears on the cover of our paper. The objects of this institution are benevolent and praiseworthy. It is designed to afford an asylum for the sick stranger—a pleasant and comfortable retreat, where the invalid, who is without family or connexions in the city, may, free from noise and disturbance, and at a moderate price, receive those attentions which are essential to his recovery. Every person is allowed the privilege of choosing his own medical attendant; while faithful nurses and attentive servants are provided for his comfort and accommodation. The situation of the Mansion is healthful and pleasant; the rooms are neat and commodious; baths, of various kinds, may be had; and every thing is provided which can conduce to the health and comfort of the guest. Indeed, such are the attractions of this establishment, that a man would almost be induced to become an invalid for the sole pleasure of being restored to health in so delightful a place.

A PATIENT LAD.—"Ben," said a father, the other day, to his delinquent son, "I'm busy now; but, as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a flogging."

"Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied the patient lad—"I can *wait*."

UNPRINTABLE.—A gentleman, conversing with a lady of a particular religious sect, asked, "Why is it that your preachers never print their sermons?"

"Because," returned the good lady, "if they should, they couldn't print the *tone*."

POLL-TAX.—A duty which is levied on mankind for the mere privilege of wearing a head. Females are not assessed in a poll-tax. This should be taken as an insult to the sex, and resented accordingly: it is as much as to say, they are without heads. The ladies of this State, however, have no special cause to complain of neglect: for even the lords of creation are not here taxed for their polls.

MISERIES OF A CROWDED TABLE.—Two gentlemen, (as we are informed), sitting at a very crowded table at one of the hotels of this city, a day or two since, thrust their elbows so far into each other's bread-baskets as to cause their immediate dissolution. This should be a warning to all public houses to allow sufficient table-room for the accommodation of their guests.

"MEDIO TUTISSIMUS IBIS."—This is the language of Dædalus to his son, when he was about undertaking the novel art of flying; and, being interpreted, signifies, that *The middle course is safest.* We have quoted it at present for the guidance of those who would avoid the Cholera. Moderation in eating and drinking will be the safest. Those who sit too long at the table, and those who weaken the system by too much abstinence, will be both in danger.

The Plattsburg Republican assures its readers, that "*tattlers, loungers, and newspaper borrowers,*" are extremely subject to the cholera. Nothing more probable.

CASIMIR PERIER, late Premier of France, has after a lingering illness, fallen a victim to the Cholera. He died on the 10th of May.

RULE IN PLANTING CORN.—We were pleased the other day with the reply of a farmer to our question, how many kernels be put in a hill—

One for the black-bird,
One for the crow,
One for the cut-worm,
And two to grow.

[All this might do very well, if the black-bird, the crow, and the cut-worm were so very accommodating as always to leave two stalks in a hill. But it usually happens that those pilfering gentry, whenever they attack a hill, take the whole.—*Const.*]

*** The Proprietors of the Constellation, grateful for the liberal patronage already received by this Journal, and anxious to keep pace with the *improvements of the times,* announce their intention of commencing a new series and new volume on the 15th of September next. Payments for the paper being made according to the length of time it is taken, this will not affect the bills of subscribers. Having the promised aid of several gentlemen of *wit* and *talents,* they hope to render their journal yet more attractive in its matter, as well as its appearance.

The Terms will be as now, Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance; out of the United States $4 per annum, U.S. postage included. No subscriptions received for less than a half year, nor discontinued except at half yearly periods. Persons who may wish to commence with the new volume will please give early notice at the office, 16 Merchants' Exchange, post paid.

For the purpose of bringing the commencement of all subscriptions to one specific period, we have made out all our bills to 8th September ensuing. They are in the hands, *in the city,* of our general agent, Mr. Edmund Fowle, and in the country will be presented by an authorised Agent. As the amounts are each very small—although in the aggregate a considerable sum, we shall feel under many obligations to our subscribers if they will pay their dues on presentation of the bills; or if absent from home, leave the amount with some member of their family.

MISCELLANY.

A WEDDING HOUR.

From the Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes.

"On the 9th Brumaire, at nine in the morning, every thing was in motion in our small house of the Rue de St. Croix, and earlier still in the Hotel of the Rue de Verneuil. For myself, almost before daybreak I had left home, accompanied by sister Rosalie (who on hearing of my approaching marriage had quitted her retreat to be with me,) to go to my confessor. Having made my confession, I next put to the venerable abbe, my spiritual father, the request that he would perform the religious ceremony of my marriage in the church of the Capuchins, at a quarter past twelve at night; and great was my astonishment at receiving a dry and peremptory refusal.

'What reason,' said he emphatically, 'can General Junot possibly have for refusing to make you his wife in the face of the sun? What does he fear? Ridicule! No! he has too much sense for that. There must be some cause of objection unknown to us.' I turned pale; but the abbe, in spite of all sister Rosalie's entreaties, proceeded:—'Who shall satisfy me, the priest required to bless this marriage, that he is not already the husband of another?'

'Mosieur l'Abbe, Monsieur l'Abbe!' said Rosalie, in a voice of lively reproach, of which I should not have conceived the good girl capable towards any ecclesiastic, 'Monsieur l'Abbe, for heaven's sake forbear! what are you doing?'

'My duty!' replied he, in a stern voice; 'I perform that duty which nature and the laws impose upon the guardians of this young girl, and which they seem to have cast upon Providence. I, then, as the minister of God, of that same Providence, am bound to watch over the interests of the fatherless orphan.'

'Monsieur l'Abbe,' said I, rising to go, 'my gratitude to you is the same as if your charitable friendship had saved me from a great danger; but it is my duty to remind you that whatever danger may threaten me, I have a support, a protector, a father; and that M. de Permon, my brother, who unites all those titles, enlightened at once by his tenderness for me and his acute penetration, is capable of judging whether I am deceived by a man whose reputation for honour and loyalty stands so high. I have already explained to you, sir, the reason why he wishes to receive the nuptial benediction at night.'

'The reason is itself injurious to you,' said the abbe, with increasing anger. 'Why should the Commandant of Paris fear to show himself in uniform in one of the churches which his general has just re-opened? He would manifest the same repugnance to exhibiting himself to-morrow in the Temple of Victory, now called Sulpice, instead of St. Sulpice!' (this was, in fact, the denomination now given to St. Sulpice, and a fete was at this very time announced to be held at the Temple of Victory (Sulpice) in commemoration of our ancestors. 'Young lady,' continued the good man, 'do not assume that air of displeasure; it is neither becoming your situation nor mine—Rather thank me for the solicitude I feel for my spiritual child, for such you are my daughter; and it grieves me to think that you may be deceived. Why should your civil marriage take place in the Fauxbourg Saint Antoine? Why are the banns not published at the church? Why is a nocturnal celebration demanded? That before the mayor will take place by day, you will argue—agreed; but where? at the extremity of Paris! in an obscure quarter, where, truly, a former Madame Junot is not very likely to suspect that a successor would be installed in her rights; all this has an ambiguous appearance, and I shall not make myself a party to its execution.'

It was equally vain to reason or to petition; the abbe turned a deaf ear to all I could say, and I was obliged to depart without the consolation of knowing that the good father would sanction my marriage with his presence; his blessing he gave me, and prayed that his presentiments might prove unfounded.

I pressed upon him at my departure a purse containing a handsome sum of money, which my brother had given me for that purpose; but though I had seen in the garret in which I had been passing an hour, neither wood nor a stove to receive any, and the weather was already becoming cold, he resisted the offer repeatedly, and even with discontent. I would not, however, listen to the refusal, but left the purse, saying, that what he could spare from his own comforts, he might distribute as my almoner.

The Abbe Lusthier was one of those characters which the continual agitation of our time does not produce; then, in his party, as in ours, there were men of sincerity, who were ready even to sacrifice their lives in the cause to which, from principle or prejudice, they were attached. La Vendee had its martyrs to loyalty, as we had our martyrs to that holy and noble liberty so often condemned to death, but which cannot perish because it is immortal. At this time political good faith was to be found in all ranks; truly the fashion of it has passed away. This poor man, a soldier as well as a priest, had testified his loyalty to the throne and the altar by his personal as well as pecuniary sufferings; he had obtained a dispensation for officiating in his sacred functions, notwithstanding the severe mutilation of his left hand. He lodged at this time in the house of a cartwright in the Rue Pepiniere, and was frequently obliged to change his residence to avoid observation; because, though not absolutely denounced, he was compromised in the confessions of the Chouans. He was, perhaps, a fanatic, but he was sincere. He lay upon ashes, and lived upon roots;—he prayed for the happiness of France; but he would have France happy in his own sense of the word. He was, however, a man of sense, and certainly in speaking to me of his apprehensions respecting General Junot, he only expressed what he felt. He was really alarmed, for he saw in Junot only a man of *La Nouvelle France*—of our young France, valiant and glorious, which has taken its degrees in characters of blood—the blood of its sons. He could not comprehend that devotedness to the soil of the country, by which those sons, from among its obscurest ranks, had illustrated their names. He only saw a creation of tempests and storms in this young man, who at twenty-seven years of age had attained an elevated rank, by means of a ladder formed of glorious deeds, and a valour attested by numerous cicatrices.

Junot never heard of this little scene till it was related to him some years afterward, with the greatest frankness, on occasion of his calling to request my my husband's intervention to obtain for him the cure of Virginie, a little village near Bievre. 'I hope your fears, on my account, are now at an end,' said Junot, smiling, and offering his hand to him. 'I assure you, you have no right to retain any; and to prove it I shall request Citizen Fortalis to appoint you to a different benefice from the one you have solicited. I know, from my wife, that your charity, and it is my duty, if possible, to repair the injustice of fate; and I hope, at the same time,' added he, laughing, 'to prove that I am innocent; for I would not silence by an obligation any person who is entitled to reproach me.'

The Abbe Lusthier not only accepted General Junot's offers, but attached himself unreservedly to him. He obtained an excellent cure in the diocess of my uncle, the bishop of Melz, and was some time afterward appointed grand vicar to his friend the Abbe Bernier, bishop of Orleans."

A CHINESE EMPEROR'S GRAVE.—His majesty has been to see the "felicitous ground which has to receive his sacred body for ten thousand years," and expresses himself well-satisfied with it: he has named it Lung-tseuen-yuh, *i. e.* the Dragon Spring Valley. He has directed that the ornamental buildings on the surface of the ground must be got up as unexpensively as possible, in order to comport with his love of simplicity.

From the Juvenile Miscellany.

WINTER AND SPRING.

"Adieu!" father winter gravely said
To the world when about to quit it;
With his old white wig half off his head
As if never made to fit it.

"Adieu, I'm going to the rocks and caves,
To leave all here behind me;
Or perhaps I shall sink in the northern waves,
So deep that none can find me!"

"Good luck! good luck to your hoary locks!"
Said the gay young spring advancing;
"Go take your nap, 'mid the caves and rocks,
While I o'er the earth am dancing.

There is not a spot where your foot has trod,
You hard, old, clumsy fellow,
Not a hill, nor a field, nor a single sod,
But I have got to mellow.

And then I shall spread them o'er with grass,
That will look so fresh and cheering,
None will regret that they let you pass
Far out of sight and hearing.

The fountains that you lock up so tight,
When I shall give them a sunning,
Will sparkle and play in their gladdening light,
And the brooks will set off a running.

I'll speak in the ground, to the hidden root,
Where you have kept it sleeping;
And bid it send up the tender shoot,
And set the wild vine creeping.

The boughs that you caked all o'er with ice,
Till 'twas chilling e'en to behold them,
I shall stick them all round with buds so nice,—
My breath can alone unfold them.

And when the tree is in blossoms dress'd,
The bird, with her song so merry,
Will come on its limb to build her nest,
By the sign of the future cherry.

The air and the earth by their joyousness,
Shall show the good I am doing; [bless
And the skies beam down wit's their smiles to
The course that I'm pursuing!"

Said winter, then, "I would have you learn
By me, my gay new comer,
To push off too, when it comes your turn,
And yield your place to summer."

Earl Dudley and Ward.—As all our contemporaries have noticed the unhappy condition of Earl Dudley, and as the circumstances of his case are of a nature to forbid very confident hopes of his recovery; the motives which have hitherto retrained us from alluding to the subject, are no longer of any avail. It is not to be concealed that his lordship's eccentricities—of which we sometime ago offered several curious and amusing details—have degenerated into actual mental aberration; and the domestic history of his Lordship's domestic life, during the last three or four weeks, if we could venture to relate it, would present a sketch of singular amusement, if its ultimate result were not of so painful a nature. The following are a few of the occurrences that have taken place during the period to which we refer. At a dinner party given, immediately after the *olla podrida* ball of a month ago, a gentleman entered his Lordship's dressing-room about nine o'clock—the dinner not being then served—and said, "Lord Dudley, the ladies are famishing for want, and I am afraid my wife will have a fit." "My dear fellow," said his Lordship, "what can I do, as Lord and Lady Londonderry have not arrived." Mr. —— took his hat, and walked to Holderness House. "It must be a mistake," said the porter, "for my Lord and Lady dine at Rose Bank." The gentleman returned, and communicated to Lord Dudley the result of his enquiry. "True, true," exclaimed he, "I intended to have asked them, but forget it."

On one occasion recently, the Noble Earl invited thirty persons to dinner, and when the guests arrived, they found the table laid out for only four. At another time he invited six, and a dinner had been prepared for thirty. About six months ago he dined at the house of Mr. R——. His Lordship left the table suddenly after dinner, and it was thought that he had gone home,—a circumstance that surprised no person as his eccentricities were well known. At about 11 o'clock the gentleman of the house had occasion to go into his library, in which a fire had been kept, to fetch a book, for the purpose of deciding a wager, and to his surprise, he there found the Earl asleep in a chair, before the fire. "Dudley," said he sharply. The Earl awakening, stared at him and said. "Come R., I wish you would go home, and the other fellows with you. You all know that I am an early man, and I want to go to bed." The Noble Lord imagined that he was in his own home.

Lord Dudley was very eccentric when in office and often astonished his under Secretaries by the directions which he gave; but his despatches at that time gave no evidence of mental weakness.—*London Paper.*

A Good Joke.—The Elephant which was brought from India in the brig Caroline, which vessel was stranded near Cape Henlopen last winter, eluded the vigilance of his guard one night, when all the parties were *bivouacked* on the beach, and made his escape into the country much to the alarm of the poor inhabitants, who the next morning gazed with astonishment and terror on the huge animal, who was seeking to gratify his curiosity by peering into their habitations.

The Inspector of the customs, attached to the brig, being *over scrupulous* in his attention to the duties of his office, had made himself particularly obnoxious to the crew—and one of the jolly tars thought that this was a fine opportunity to crack a joke upon the Custom House Officer. Accordingly he told him with a very grave face, that in the course of the night a passenger who had been brought from India in the brig, had become disgusted with his exposed situation and gone off, taking with him all his baggage, including his *trunk.* The officer flew into a violent rage—cursed and swore in fine style—railed at the mate for suffering any one to take away a *trunk* until it had been submitted to the customary examination—declared his belief that it contained smuggled silks, and started off in pursuit of the poor passenger. But his mortification can hardly be conceived, when after his return from a fruitless search of several hours, the joke was explained to him.—*Exeter News Letter.*

The Alhambra, by Washington Irving, is spoken of in terms of high commendation by the English critics. 'It is (says the Examiner) a fine piece of composition; rich, varied, and soft.—To pass over its pages is like treading upon a velvet carpet of curious pattern; there is not a word that is not a picture; not a sentence that is not smooth, deep, yielding, yet springy. The plan of the work is formed out of a protracted visit to Granada, and a stay within the walls of the Alhambra, which is now almost as numerously occupied as ever it was, by ragged nestling families, who are found burrowing in all its recesses. Some of the finest courts still exist entire, and many of the best suites of apartments frown in all the majesty of decayed grandeur. The author, after describing with peculiar felicity his journey to Granada, and his visit to the fortress and the family of the *Chatelaine,* with whom he takes up his abode, and his mode of life and his explorings, is led by some of the sons of the Alhambra, that is, the boys who are born under its shadow, into a knowledge of several traditionary anecdotes, and these, we may be assured, are told in that full and finished style peculiar to the author. Thus is the work made up. The idea communicated of the Spanish character has all the appearance of perfect justice, and is the happiest and liveliest ever given, except in some of their own authors, now become European classics, and in the works of Le Sage.

A Companion for Lord Byron.—The author of Don Juan was celebrated, we believe, for the variety and beauty of his lady companions. We have a glorious list in our memory! There was the gentle hazel-eyed, and raven-haired girl of Ravenna, and the fond Venetian, of whom, he told Moore, he should 'never tire,' and the Countess, the lovely Guiccioli, and a hundred others. A new candidate for his lordship's acquaintance is announced in the *Metropolitan* for April. It is a dainty morceau, and deserves extraction. It runneth as follows:

'MINOR POETICAL PIECES,
BY MRS. PARKYNS,
Of Ruddington.
In 8vo. Uniform with Lord Byron's Early Poems.

Mrs. Parkyns of Ruddington! Is there not something very sweet and honey-breathing in the word Ruddington?

But where is Ruddington? We flatter ourselves that we profess some slight knowledge of Geography. We have studied Pinnock's Catechism, can point out upon the map some of the principal cities of Europe—but we never heard of Ruddington. The Landers are likewise entirely ignorant of it; but Fancy it is situated somewhere about twenty miles east of Timbuctoo. We intend paying a visit in the coming summer to Newstead, and we would gladly link Ruddington to it, and so send them both to immortality. Oh, how we long for the appearance of these *Minor Poetical Pieces!* to be printed uniform with Childe Harold's Early Poems! Oh! Mrs. Parkyns, where *is* Ruddington?

A late number of the Wilmington (Del.) Journal mentions the shock of an earthquake very sensible felt in that town and vicinity, which continued nearly a minute, and was accompanied by a very perceptible motion, and a sound resembling distant thunder.

THE LAWYER AND THE CURATE.

The author of "Corn Law Rhymes" thus keenly lashes certain prominent characters, in his *Splendid Village:*

"Broad Beech! thyself a grove! five hundred years
Speak in thy voice, of bygone hopes and fears;
And mournfully, how mournfully! the breeze
Sighs through thy boughs, and tells of cottages
That, happy once, beneath thy shadow gaz'd
On poor men's fields, while poor men's cattle graz'd!
Now, where three cotters and their children dwelt,
The lawyer's pomp alone is seen and felt;
And the Park entrance of his acres three,
Usurps the ground which fed a family.
What then? All see he is a man of State,
With his three acres, and his park like gate!
Besides, in time, it times continue dark,
His neighbour's woes may buy his gate a park!
Oh, then let trade wear chains, that toil may bind
No harvests on the barren sea and wind;
Nor glean, at home, the fields of every zone,
Nor make the valleys of all climes his own;
But with the music of his hopeless sigh
Charm the blind worm that feeds on poverty!

* * * * * * * *

Two stone-throws from the Hall of Doctor Drive,
And from the village work-house four or five,
Where the Swing Turkey, with his plumage rough,
Welcomes all loyal men who drink enough,
The *flying* curate lodges—doom'd to say
Three well known sermons every Sabbath-day,
His donkey, like a rat without a tail,
Cost fifty shillings, and o'er hill and dale
Bears its lean master, *at a hunter's pace,*
Daily as comes his weekly stipendiace."

From the Atlas.

THE DUCHESS DE BERRI AND THE POOR OF PARIS.

It was mentioned in a late number of the Atlas that the Viscount de Chateaubriand had made an offering to the authorities of Paris, on behalf of the Duchess de Berri, of 12,000fr. for the relief of the poor afflicted with the Cholera; and that the donation was not accepted, on political grounds. Mde C. thereupon published a pamphlet on the subject, some account of which is annexed, and which will be found interesting. The noble writer is not sparing in point and severity.

He begins by reprinting his correspondence with M. de Bondy, the prefect of the Seine which ended in the refusal of the Duchess de Berri's donation. He then tells us that 1000 francs had been sent to each of the twelve arrondissements into which Paris is divided. His Secretary found only five of the mayors at home, of whom one refused the donation on the instant, and four accepted it; but he adds in a postscript, that one of the four had afterwards returned the money by order of the prefect. From two of the seven mayors whom his secretary had not seen, he received answers explanatory of their motives for declining to accept; and as to the other five, he says, that not having received any answer, he is still in doubt as to what course they mean to pursue.

"Here I am, then," he proceeds, "with my 8000 francs; but I am far from being at a loss to dispose of them. Had the authorities thought fit to accept the money, the affair would have ended with my first note and the receipt of the prefect. But they have preferred giving me a part to play. They have opened for me a wide field of political controversy. I shall not go over the whole of it yet, as it does not relate to me alone; there are some points which call for a reply. It shall not be said it was in vain that an august princess did me the honour to extend to me her confidence. I enter, then, the lists into which I am called.

No one has the right to interdict the beneficence of a race to whom France owes her laws and liberties, her arts, her monuments, and her civilization, her schools, her colleges, and hospitals. Until the tree is cut down, who shall hinder it from bearing its fruit? Has France, which could formerly admire the virtue even of an enemy, become so savage and so spiteful as to repel an act of humanity? What will Europe think of the firmness of a government which trembles at a woman's alms, and transforms an act of charity into a plot against the state?

And what has been done to this woman who thus thinks of our misfortunes? She has only been banished, proscribed, and despoiled, although innocent of the ordonnances; her son has been robbed of his crown, and at ten years of age, has been condemned to wander over the earth, a houseless orphan. This ungrateful widow, so well treated by the poniard of Louvel, and this quasi legitimacy, has the impudence to send 12,000 francs from her place of exile to Frenchmen attacked by a cruel malady! She dares to give a little food and clothing to those who have not wherewithal to cover their nakedness! Who does not feel himself filled with indignation at such a crime? Will not the whole population of Paris rise once more in anger, and barricade themselves against this bill of exchange payable at sight to the poor? And I, the responsible minister, who have signed this unconstitutional ordonnance, shall I not be sent to Vincennes, and impeached for my temerity?

But should not this act of charity have been performed in secret? Does not the ostentation of the gift betray a concealed object?

Had it been secret, it would instantly have been said, that the mother of the Duke de Bordeaux had been distributing money to organize an insurrection, and the 12,000 francs would have been metamorphosed into 12,000,000. What the Duchess de Berri has done is French; what I have done in her name is French; we have done it with head erect and in open day. The name of the widow which has hitherto been honoured only by the calumnies of her enemies, has at length appeared publicly, in a manner worthy of her. The first time that the voice of the Duke de Bordeaux's mother has been heard since her banishment, has not been to claim a throne, but to offer succour to the unfortunate.

Is it not evident, nevertheless, that some political object is concealed under this appearance of charity? No such an idea has ever entered the mind of the Duchess de Berri. It is not 12,000 francs taken from her own poverty to give to the poor of Paris which could add a new right to those with which she is already invested.

Gentlemen of the quasi legitimacy, employ the same arms against us; relieve the unfortunate in our ranks, overwhelm with your benefits the three oppositions arrayed against you, the Carlists, the Bonapartists, and the Republicans, or rather the universal opposition by which you are pursued; cover the country with prosperity, and so close our mouths; disburden the people of a few hundred millions of taxes; give good laws to our communes and departments; pen up no longer, like flocks of sheep, the valiant nation whom you first raised into rebellion, and then betrayed; maintain your wild and foolish occupation of Romagna; do not bundle up the tri-colored flag for very fear lest it be seen on those shores where it has been so often displayed in victory; keep and colonize our African conquest; restore the kingdom to the rank from which you have made it fall; talk no more of independence while our citizens are slaughtered in the streets, and our public writers are crowded into jails; give us no more songs of triumph in evacuating Belgium or Ancona at the command of an English minister or an Austrian subaltern; pass your days no longer between the gates of St. Pelagie and the doors of foreign cabinets, as if crammed with liberty and covered with glory:—then, and not till then, will you embarrass your opponents."

There is nothing more common than to hear a young Frenchman making a public boast of his being a conspirator; he will recount all the details, without forgetting day, hour, or place, to some spy, whom he takes for a confederate; he will openly tell you, or rather he will exclaim to the passers by,—'We have forty thousand men, well drilled and well armed; and there are sixty thousand cartridges in such a street, at such a number, in the last house of the street.' And then this modern Cataline goes to dance, play, or sing.

What now exists in France is not a monarchy, but a bastard Republic, of the basest alloy, which wears royalty in its bosom, like a concealed breastplate, to receive the blows which are directed against the government itself. This is a sham royalty—a bank of forced earth, behind which M. Casimir Perier, the true president of the republic, takes shelter from the battery directed against him.

The mother of the Duc de Bordeaux is too far off to hear the contageous mockeries which are lavished on her weakness and misfortunes. If she did she would pardon them. The last words uttered by a gracious prince—I heard them from his dying lips—were,—'Let the man's life be spared!' His widow has succeeded to a fallen crown, which possibly his orphan son may never wear,—a crown which was shaken by Charles X. from his whitened head, and from the weight of which two other brows already loaded with grief may well be permitted to escape.

Amidst the general grief and desolation with which families and individuals have been visited, let this suffice for politics. The government gives no sign of the religion professed by thirty three millions of Frenchmen; it prays not and weeps not at the altars of the people; it pronounces not the name of Providence either in seasons of prosperity or of adversity. In England, the land of freedom, the government appoints fast days and prayers for the removal of the calamity; in France, the theatres opened on Easter Sunday, as if to brave contagion, and throw contempt on the greatest solemnity of the Christian religion.

Here end we this task; it is time to hold our peace when death is every where imposing silence. The answer I address to an adversary may reach him as he rests on his threshold: if it be he, on the contrary, who is destined to live, where shall I be when his reply is brought to me? Perhaps in that place of rest at which no one need now be alarmed, especially those whose sad years, like my own, extend only from the period of terror to that of pestilence, the first and last horizon of our lives."

COBBETT ON THEATRES.

The readers of the Atlas may recollect the late observations of this omniforious critic, on the "immortal Shakspeare," and will probably therefore find the more entertainment in the following article from the same pen:—ib.

I take the following from the Morning Chronicle; and it is the best piece of news that I have seen for a long time. It shows that the thing is going to pieces in all its parts; that it is stricken; that the hand of death is upon it; that it is sold to the devil, and only wants fetching away.

"The very scanty audiences at the two great winter theatres, in the beginning of last week, led to the most gloomy reports regarding the intentions of the Managers; and the belief that Drury-lane would close suddenly was strengthened by the fact, that nothing was advertised in the bills to be played after yesterday. On Thursday night, however, the attendance on the part of the public was so good (at least £270 having been taken at both houses) that a new prospect seemed to open, and it was resolved to try the experiment for another week. However great may have been Capt. Polhill's loss, it is understood that it has not been so heavy by more than £2,000 as at Covent-Garden.—A prospectus has been issued for the sale or letting of Covent-Garden Theatre, and we understand that a new and plausible scheme is in agitation, viz. for the same person to hire both Drury-lane and Covent Garden (at a reduced rent of course) and according to circumstances nightly, to play comedy at the one and tragedy at the other. At present, each theatre is obliged to keep a tragedy and a comedy company; but should this scheme be carried into effect, only one complete body of actors will be necessary; while the public will have greater variety, both in the pieces and in the performers. It is also in contemplation, in this case to reduce the prices of admission—the boxes to 5s., the pit to 2s. 6d., and the gallery to 1s. 6d., abolishing, if possible, the shilling gallery."

There, I look upon that as real good news. All seems ruin and decay—the cobwebs sticking about every where. I must say, that the player-people have always behaved with great civility to me; and for their own sakes, I rejoice at the prospect of seeing them completely broken up. In the fields and in the downs they may become shepherds and shepherdesses: real maids of the mill and milkmaids the divers damsels may become; make love in earnest, not in sham; and I can assure the females, that they will find the real "Hodge" a great deal better, a great deal more substantial and satisfactory than the sham Hodge, whose limbs are made of bolsters, and the red of whose cheeks arises from ruddle. Those of them who are given to sing will find delightful assistance in the larks and the nightingales. The month of May is approaching—just the gay time for the birds. A wheatfield, she having a hook in her hand for cutting up the docks and the thistles, is precisely the scene for a Phillis who has just escaped from the stink of the gas. What a change! How happy these lasses will become! When we consider how they are wanted in the fields, what a desire they must naturally have to act in reality that which they have so long been acting in sham!—one must have the heart of the devil to wish them to remain where they are.

As to the heroes, they will turn the daggers of lath and tin battle-axes, or rather they will exchange them for hoes and hooks and other implements of husbandry. I cannot indeed pledge myself that they will find the change altogether so advantageous to them; the ladies will be charmed with the rural simplicity and frankness and unhesitating conduct of the swains in real life; but I am afraid that the heroes of the sock and buskin will be found wanting in some of those requisites, which are absolutely indispensable to render their suits successful amongst the female chopsticks; whose great simplicity, and, as Dr. Black would call it, "want of education," always make them prefer the substantial to the intellectual.

AMERICAN FEMALES.

By Mrs. Trollappe.

"I conceive that no place in the known world can furnish so striking a proof of the immense value of literary habits as the United States, not only in enlarging the mind, but what is of infinitely more importance, in purifying the manners. During my abode in the country, I not only never met a literary man who was a tobacco chewer or a whiskey drinker, but I never met any who were not, that had escaped these degrading habits. On the women, the influence is, if possible, still more important; unfortunately, the instances are rare, but they are to be found. One admirable example occurs in the person of a young lady of Cincinnati; surrounded by a society totally incapable of appreciating, or even of comprehending her, she holds a place among it, as simply and unaffectedly as if of the same species; young, beautiful, and gifted by nature with a mind singularly acute and discriminating, she has happily found such opportunities of cultivation as might distinguish her in any country; it is indeed that best of all cultivation, which is only to be found in domestic habits of literature, and in that hourly education which the daughter of a man of letters receives, when she is made the companion and friend of her father. This young lady is the more admirable, as she contrives to unite all the multifarious duties which usually devolve upon American ladies, with her intellectual pursuits. The companion and efficient assistant of her father's literary labors, the active aid in all the household cares of her mother, the tender nurse of a delicate infant sister, the skilful artificer of her own always elegant wardrobe, ever at leisure, and ever prepared to receive with the sweetest cheerfulness her numerous acquaintance, the most animated in conversation, the most indefatigable in occupation, it was impossible to know her, and her character, without feeling that such women were "the glory of all lands," and could the race be multiplied, would speedily become the reformers of all grossness and ignorance that now degrade her own. Is it to be imagined that if fifty modifications of this charming young woman were to be met at a party, the men would dare to enter it, reeking with whiskey, their lips blackened with tobacco, and convinced, to the very centre of their hearts and souls, that women were made for no other purpose than to fabricate sweetmeats and gingerbread, construct shirts, darn stockings, and become mothers of possible Presidents? Assuredly not. Should the women of America ever discover what their power might be, and compare it with what it is, much improvement might be hoped for. While at Philadelphia, among the handsomest, the wealthiest, and most distinguished of the land, their comparative influence in society, with that possessed in Europe by females holding the same station, occurred forcibly to my mind.

BOARDING.

For some reason or other, which English people are not very likely to understand, a great number of young married persons board by the year, instead of "going to housekeeping," as they call having an establishment of their own. Of course this statement does not include persons of large fortune, but it does include very many whose rank in society would make such a mode of life quite impossible with us. I can hardly imagine a contrivance more effectual for ensuring the insignificance of a woman, than marrying her at seventeen, and placing her in a boarding house. Nor can I easily imagine a life of more uniform dullness for the lady herself; but this certainly is a matter of taste. I have heard many ladies declare that it is "just quite the perfection of comfort to have nothing to fix for one's self." Yet despite these assurances I always experienced a feeling which hovered between pity and contempt when I contemplated their mode of existence.

How would a newly married Englishwoman endure it, her head and her heart full of the one dear scheme,

"Well ordered home, *his* dear delight to make?"

It is generally about two o'clock that the boarding gentlemen meet the boarding ladies at table. Little is spoken, except a whisper between the married pairs. Sometimes a sulky bottle of wine flanks the plate of one or two individuals, but it adds nothing to the mirth of the meeting, and seldom more than one glass to the good cheer of the owners. It is not then, and it is not there that the gentlemen of the Union drink. Soon, very soon, the silent meal is done, and then, if you mount the stairs after them, you will find from the doors of the more affectionate and indulgent wives, a smell of cigars stream forth, which plainly indicates the felicity of the couple within.

If the gentleman be a very polite husband, he will, as soon as he is done smoking and drinking his toddy, offer his arm to his wife, as far as the corner of the street, where his store or his office is situated, and there he will leave her to turn which way she likes. As this is the hour for being fully drest, of course she turns the way she can be most seen. Perhaps she pays a few visits; perhaps she goes to chapel; or, perhaps she enters some store where her husband deals, and ventures to order a few notions; and then she goes home again—no, not home—I will not give that name to a boarding house, but she re-enters the cold, heartless atmosphere in which she dwells, where hospitality can never enter, and where interest takes the management instead of affection. At tea they all meet again, and a little trickery is perceptible to a nice observer in the manner of partaking the pound-cake, &c. After this, those who are happy enough to have engagements hasten to keep them; those who have not, either mount again to the solitude of their chamber, or what appeared to be much worse, remain in the common sitting-room, in a society cemented by no tie, endeared by no connection, which choice did not bring together, and which the slightest motive would break asunder. I remarked that the gentlemen were generally obliged to go out every evening on business, and I confess the arrangement did not surprise me.

It is not thus that the women can obtain influence in society which is allowed to them in Europe, and to which both sages and men of the world have agreed in ascribing such salutary effects. It is in vain that "collegiate institutes" are formed for young ladies, or that "academic degrees" are conferred upon them. It is after marriage, and when these young attempts upon all the sciences are forgotten, that the lamentable insignificance of the American women appears, and till this be remedied, I venture to prophecy that the tone of their drawing-rooms will not improve."

CONTARINI FLEMING.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

We cannot for a moment doubt that the writer and part original of *Contarini Fleming*, is Mr. D'Israeli, junior—a young man who, with all his faults, it were a strange injustice to confound with "the common people" of our literary "sky." We remember somewhere seeing a comparison, which so exactly characterised his works, that we cannot do better than quote it. "They are like a town built on a romantic site: there is the regular street, the ornamental architecture, signs of man's labour and man's art: but ever and anon the eye is caught by some fantastic fragment of old grey rock, the gush of a silver spring, or the green shadow of some antique and stately tree." Mr. D'Israeli, like Lord Byron, has but one hero, and that hero is the imagination of himself: but here Byron shews the judgment D'Israeli wants; his egotism is that of feeling, not of action; and, as has been well observed in a recent work, "our feelings may come home to some one or other of our readers, as all feelings are general; which is not the case with action, as action is individual, not general." Lord Byron's hero indulges in no small affectations, he has no peculiarity of dress, all the women do not fall in love with him, neither is he at all impertinent; now D'Israeli's heroes have all these sins to answer for; and in a book, as in real life, his reader's self-love is set in array against him. For example: in *Contarini Fleming* the author and his creation are inevitably identified, and the stamp of reality gives its interest to

the sad and dreaming childhood, to the impetuous and impassioned youth; his literary efforts, failures, and successes, all seem true, and all interest us; but when the boy of nineteen settles the affairs of a dynasty, brow-beats half the ambassadors of Europe, we are struck with the impossibility; and the generality of readers, who take every thing at the letter of the law, will say, "As if Mr. D'Israeli ever did these wonderful things!" Of all ages, ours is one in which the extravagant and the extraordinary are the least tolerated; and yet our present writer will outrage the taste of his time by glaring improbabilities—and herein consists his great error. The love-story is all but insanity, the lovers being brought together by mutual and mysterious dreams; and this he defends!

We turn to the story itself. It may be divided into three parts: first, the history of the hero's childhood and youth; secondly, the love-story; thirdly, his travels. The travels are a kind of prose Childe Harold, animated and picturesque; the love-story begins in Mr. D'Israeli's worst style—forced unnatural, and improbable; but the description of the young couple, and their quiet and concentrated happiness, is conceived in the purest and most beautiful spirit of poetry. But it is the history of the hero's childhood and youth that gives the original and striking character to the work. The early passion, the want of sympathy, the vanity, as yet unknown, and cloaking itself under the desire of being loved, the active imagination, were never more vividly or more truly portrayed. In the commencement of Godwin's *Fulkland* there is a most delightful sketch drawn of dreaming and secluded childhood; but the present is a thousand times more richly coloured and more forcibly depicted, for the affections are called into play, and the childhood is that of genius. That state of mind haunted by

> "Golden dreams,
> All that our riper years account so vain,
> Yet what we would give worlds to dream again,
> But which we never may. Oh, years may bring
> The mind to its perfection, but no more
> Will the young spirit plume its rainbow wing,
> And take the wild sweet flight it did of yore;
> A fairy's lover, or a dream-raised king,
> A dweller on some lonely island's shore,
> Passions chase fancies; yet how sweet the time
> When we could muse away a summer morning's prime."

This infancy of the imagination is here painted with an animation which answers for its truth; and we feel convinced the writer himself must have known both the craving for futurity and that visionary reverie so well described by Coleridge's beautiful line,—

> "My eyes make pictures when they're shut."

But before we proceed to more general extracts, we shall give the history of Vivian Grey (we presume, though a little mystified by the commencement rather suiting this work, still the end describes the former precisely.)

"The most singular thing is, that, all this time, it never struck me that I was delineating my own character. But now comes the curious part. In depicting the scenes of society in which my hero was forced to move, I suddenly dashed, not only into the most slashing satire, but even into malignant personality. All the bitterness of my heart, occasioned by my wretched existence among their false circles, found its full vent. Never was any thing so imprudent. Every body figured, and all parties and opinions alike suffered. * * * For the work itself, it was altogether a most crude performance, teeming with innumerable faults. It was entirely deficient in art. The principal character, although forcibly conceived, for it was founded on truth, was not sufficiently developed. Of course the others were much less so. The incidents were unnatural, the serious characters exaggerations, the comic ones caricatures; the wit was too often flippant, the philosophy too often forced; yet the vigour was remarkable, the license of an uncurbed imagination not without charms, and, on the whole, there breathed a freshness which is rarely found, and which perhaps, with all my art and knowledge, I may never again afford: and indeed, when I recal the magnificent enthusiasm, the glorious heat, with which this little work was written, I am convinced that, with all its errors, the spark of true creation animated its fiery page. Such is the history of 'Manstein,' a work which exercised a strange influence on my destiny."

To this we add the account which equally suits the second part.

"I prepared myself for composition in a very different mood to that in which I had poured forth my fervid crudities in the Garden House. Calm and collected, I constructed characters on philosophical principles, and mused over a chain of action which should develope the system of our existence. All was art. I studied contrasts and grouping, and metaphysical analysis was substituted for anatomical delineation. I was not satisfied that the conduct of my creations should be influenced merely by the general principles of their being. I resolved that they should be the very impersonations of the moods and passions of our mind. One was ill-regulated will; another offered the formation of a moral being; materialism sparkled in the wild gaiety and reckless caprice of one voluptuous girl, while spirit was vindicated in the deep devotion of a constant and enthusiastic heroine. Even the lighter temperaments were not forgotten. Frivolity smiled, and shrugged his shoulders before us, and there was even a deep personification of cynic humour. Had I executed my work in strict unison with my plan, it would doubtless have been a very dull affair; for I did not yet possess sufficient knowledge of human nature to support me in such a creation, nor was I then habituated to those metaphysical speculations, which might have in some degree compensated, by their profundity, for their want of entertainment. But Nature avenged herself, and extricated me from my dilemma. I began to write; my fancy fired, my brain enflamed; breathing forms rose up under my pen, and jostled aside the cold abstractions, whose creation had cost such long musing. In vain I endeavored to compose without enthusiasm, in vain I endeavored to delineate only what I had preconceived, in vain I struggled to restrain the flow of unbidden invention. All that I had seen, and pondered, passed before me from the proud moment that I stood upon Mount Jura to the present ravishing hour that I returned to my long estranged art. Every tree, every cloud, every star and mountain, every fair lake and flowing river, that had fed my fancy with their sweet suggestions in my rambling hours, now returned and illumined my pages with their brightness and their beauty. My mind teemed with similes. Thought and passion came veiled in metaphoric garb. I was delighted. I was bewildered. The clustering of their beauty seemed an evidence of poetic power: the management of these bright guests was an art of which I was ignorant. I received them all. I found myself often writing only that they might be accommodated. I gave up to this work many long and unbroken hours. I was determined that it should not suffer from a hurried pen. I often stopped to meditate. It was in writing this book that I first learned my art. It was a series of experiments. They were at length finished, and my volumes consigned to their fate and northern publisher. The critics treated me with more courtesy. What seemed to me odd enough then, although no puzzle now, was, that they admired what had been written in haste, and without premeditation, and generally disapproved of what had cost me much forethought, and been executed with great care. It was universally declared a most unequal work, and they were right, although they could not detect the causes of the inequality. My perpetual efforts at being imaginative were highly reprobated. Now my efforts had been entirely the other way. In short, I puzzled them, and no one offered a prediction as to my future career. My book, as a whole, was rather unintelligible, but parts were favorites. It was pronounced a remarkable compound of originality and dulness."

We shall now endeavor to make our quotations as miscellaneous as possible; they will in their variety give a more accurate idea of the work; and, either their novelty, beauty or worth, needs no preliminary praise.

A Picture.—"It was a beautiful garden, full of terraces and arched walks of bowery trees. A tall fountain sprang up from a marble basin, and its glittering column broke in its fall into a thousand coloured drops, and woke the gleamy fish that would have slept in the dim water."

Admirable Remark.—"Never apologise for shewing feeling, my friend. Remember that when you do so, you apologise for truth."

"I felt the ennobling *pride of learning*. It is a fine thing to know that which is unknown to others; it is still more dignified to remember that we have gained it by our own energies. The struggle after knowledge too is full of delight. The intellectual chase, not less than the material one, brings fresh vigour to our pulses, and infinite palpitations of strange and sweet suspense. The idea that is gained with effort affords far greater satisfaction, than that which is acquired with dangerous facility. We dwell with more fondness on the perfume of the flower that we have ourselves tended, than on the odour which we cull with carelessness, and cast away without remorse. The strength and sweetness of our knowledge depend upon the impression which it makes upon our own minds. It is the liveliness of the ideas that it affords which renders research so fascinating; so that a trifling fact or deduction, when discovered, or worked out, by our own brain, affords us infinitely greater pleasure than a more important truth obtained by the exertions of another."

"The high *poetic talent*—as if to prove that a poet is only, at the best, a wild, although beautiful, error of nature—the high poetic talent is the rarest in creation."

Evening Scene.—"It was one of those stern, sublime sunsets, which is almost the only appearance in the north in which nature enchanted me. I stood at the window gazing on the burnished masses that, for a moment, were suspended, in their fleeting and capricious beauty, on the fair horizon. I turned aside and looked at the rich trees suffused with the crimson light, and ever and anon irradiated by the dying shoots of a golden ray. The deer were stealing home to their bowers, and I watched them till their golden and glancing forms lost their lustre in the declining twilight. The glory had now departed, and all grew dim. A solitary star alone was shining in the grey sky, a bright and solitary star."

CALABRIA.

By a French Officer.

"If the eye reposes with pleasure on the beauty and variety of the situations which the mountains present, it cannot contemplate without dismay those deep and dark ravines, the inhabitants of which never find their silence disturbed, except by the roar of waters which, in the rainy season, form frightful torrents. There is not in Calabria any navigable river. The Laino, the Chratis, the Nieto, the Amato, and the Angitola, are only emanations from that multitude of torrents which furrow up and ravage the cultivated lands, inasmuch as their beds are never at rest. Such is the general aspect of the interior of the country; that of the plains washed by the sea is less animated, less varied, presenting alternately a soil arid and parched by a burning sun, and rendered fresh and fertile by genial rains. The plains, inhabited during the hot months, contain only a few indigent families. Worn down by intermitting fevers, they never enjoy any relaxation from them, except during the winter months; and thus their lives, passed between severe alternations, are generally cut short. Residence in this quarter, however, is dangerous only to those who are obliged to pass their nights on the spot. In the autumn season, the harvest people come down from the mountains and spread themselves over the flat country in great numbers; but as they return to their habitations before sunset, they escape the noxious effects of the vapours which issue from the dry beds of the torrents, and from waters corrupted by passing over a foul course. The demands of the service frequently oblige our troops to bivouac in these pestilential places, where persons are oppressed with a heaviness and an inclination to sleep, which can scarcely be resisted. Our men, however, have generally escaped by a total denial of sleep, and by lighting large fires. But what severe losses had we not sustained before we became acquainted with the climate,—losses a thousand times more murderous than those occasioned by the brigands! As soon as the snow falling on the mountains purifies the atmosphere, the plains are rendered habitable, and become a delightful retreat. The first rains of autumn refresh the arid soil, and bring forth a new crop, which covers the whole country with herbs and flowers. Then the people breathe a milder air, charged with perfumes from countless shrubs and plants, such as are kept in our conservatories for variety and ornament. The landed proprietors then quit the mountains to enjoy the charms of a new spring, and devote themselves to the pleasures of the chase. At this season the mountains are covered with thick fogs; the swelling mists dissolve themselves in snow over the more elevated parts, and deluge all the lower grounds with torrents of rain. The inhabitants of the villages, separated by these raging torrents, are excluded from all communication with each other at this dismal period. The rains continue for about two months with extreme violence, and prevail at occasional intervals until April. The climate of Calabria varies according to the character of the soil, and is consequently favourable to all sorts of produce. In the plains, sheltered against the north wind, there are found sugar-canes, aloes, and date-trees; while the pine and the birch cover the tops of the mountains. For four months, an excessive heat prevails all over the whole of the elevated parts, and particularly during the sirocco. A burning wind then diffuses itself around, like inflamed vapour proceeding from the mouth of a furnace; it lights upon the shores of the kingdom of Naples, where it exercises the most malign influence, after having traversed the scorching deserts of Africa. All nature seems to languish while it prevails; it withers the herbs and plants, which, however, revive, together with man, the moment the wind changes to the north. Iced water and sea-bathing are the only means that can be effectually employed to give tone to the nerves, and relieve that lassitude which oppresses both the mind and body. The great variety and richness of the productions of Calabria furnish an abundance of all the necessaries of life. It has grain of every description; wines which might be rendered as good as those of Spain and Languedoc, if the inhabitants had more intelligence and industry; and olive-oil in such profusion, that it is kept in vast cisterns. Great quantities of silk-worms are bred here, which, together with the growth of cotton, form a considerable article of produce. The licorice-root grows without any cultivation in the neglected lands; and in the forests is found a sort of manna, which is in great request. Immense droves of horned cattle pass alternately from the rich grazing grounds of the Syla to the aromatic pasture of the plains, where they remain during the winter. The use of beer is not known to the Calabrians. They cook their food with hog's-lard, and use their milk in making cheese, which is justly prized for its delicacy. Their vast herds and flocks form not the sole wealth of the great landed proprietors; it consists principally of their race-horses, bred from superb stallions, of which they take the most scrupulous care. These horses are of the middle-size, extremely swift, and full of fire and vigour. But the animal which is of most use in a country where communications are so difficult as in this—that animal, without which the inhabitants could neither collect their crops nor transport their produce—is the mule; the beauty and strength of which are no less admirable, than its sagacity and steadiness in making its way through the most dangerous passes. In the marshy plains buffaloes are met with in considerable numbers. The appearance of these animals is formidable, and their attack dangerous. When tamed, they are employed in labouring work. It is only by their aid, when they are harnessed to very high carts, that the inhabitants are enabled to effect a passage over the rivers. In all parts of Calabria there is a great quantity of game of every description. The sea-coasts abound with fish: the sword-fish supplies food to a part of the inhabitants during several months of the year, and the tunny forms a lucrative branch of commerce. These provinces, so highly favoured by their climate and productions, are deprived of the advantage of a good harbour. Still, however, before the war, they carried on a very considerable trade in corn, wine, silk, cotton, licorice, manna, oranges, lemons, chesnuts, and dried fruits; but their staple commodity was oil. This latter article constitutes at present the principal part of their commercial wealth, and supplies the soap manufactories of Marseilles and Trieste. These exportations ought to produce opulence and comfort. Nature has done every thing for the country, but the vices of the government have marred its prosperity for many ages. The condition of the peasants is most wretched: property is extremely disproportioned, there being in Calabria very few persons of moderate incomes. Small proprietors are very rarely to be met with, and in no country is there a more sudden transition from dire indigence to superabundant wealth. The consequence is, that total want of emulation which is every where to be observed. The climate and the soil do more than half the work, and the hand of man defeats the execution of the remainder. Thus it happens that productions of every kind are at this day in Calabria only the spontaneous gifts of nature, without any aid from art. With the exception of a few cities, and some towns that are regularly built, all the other frequented places present the most miserable and disgusting appearance. The whole interior of their houses is a mass of revolting filth. The pigs live familiarly with the inmates, and it often happens that children in the cradle are devoured by them. These animals are of a particular species, and quite black: they are so numerous, that they obstruct all the streets and the approach to every house. When we consider that ancient Greece has been, of all countries in the universe, the best peopled, the most civilised, and the best cultivated, it is impossible, in the present day, not to deplore the lot of so fine a country as this, condemned for ages to see itself perishing through each succeeding year, and becoming the abode of misery and pestilence. The rivers desolate the lands on which they border, and leaving in their course a noxious disposition of mud, infect a great part of the country, so that the inhabitants are obliged to abandon their ancient possessions. Earthquakes have also caused many melancholy changes: every thing bears testimony to the cruel ravages occasioned by that of 1783. This frightful catastrophe, which has altered the aspect of these countries in an inconceivable manner, was first announced with the most appalling indications. Close, compact, and immovable mists seemed to hang heavily over the earth: in some places the atmosphere appeared red hot, so that it was every moment expected it would burst out in flames: the water of the rivers assumed an ashy and turbid colour, while a suffocating stench of sulphur diffused itself around. The violent shocks which were repeated at several intervals from the 5th of February to the 28th of May, destroyed the greater part of the buildings of farther Calabria. The number of inhabitants who were crushed under the ruins of their houses, or who perished in the strands of Scylla, was estimated at about 50,000. The rivers, arrested in their course by the fall of mountains, became so many infected lakes, corrupting the air in all directions. Houses, trees, and large fields, were hurried down together to the bottom of deep glens without being separated by the shock;—in short, all the extraordinary calamities and changes which can be effected by earthquakes were beheld at this deplorable period, under the various forms which characterized them. After such convulsions of nature, it will not appear extraordinary that Calabria retains but few monuments which attest its grandeur and opulence as a colony founded by the ancient Greeks."

THE CALABRIANS.

Of the people, the author says:—

"The finesse and subtlety of the Calabrians are truly astonishing. These qualities may in some respects be referred to their climate, and perhaps they have been inherited from the Greeks. Their language, which is a corrupt Italian, more unintelligible than that of the other provinces, is full of originality and force. The uniformed class express themselves in it with a facility, a spirit, and an animation of sentiment, which would seem to indicate genius. According to the general practice of the Italians, their conversations are accompanied with a most significant pantomime. A sign, a gesture, a word, an exclamation, are all sufficient to make them perfectly understand each other. The whole frame is in motion when they have an interest in persuading those whom they address. Their manners are supple and insinuating; their minds very acute; and persons not acquainted with the perfidious arts which they are capable of practising, might easily become their dupes. Endowed with a rare talent of forming an accurate estimate of the character of each individual with whom they have any transactions, sly cheats, and gross flatterers, they know how to bring into play all possible expedients in order to accomplish their ends; and if the ordinary means fail, a musket-shot, or a stab of a poniard, avenges them for their miscalculation. There are few persons among the Calabrians, of any class, from the highest to the lowest, who are not stained with many murders; a foul reproach, which is principally to be attributed to the neglect of the tribunals. The thirst of vengeance which is perpetuated in families, and a strong propensity to litigation and chicanery, make a real hell of this fine country. These people have no true principle of religion or morals. Like all ignorant individuals, they are superstitious to excess: the most atrocious brigand carries in his bosom relics and images of saints which he invokes at the very moment he is committing the greatest enormities. The Calabrians are of the middle size, well-proportioned, and very muscular. Their complexion is swarthy, their features strongly

marked, their eyes full of fire and expression. In common with the Spaniards, to whom they bear a strong resemblance, they are dressed at all seasons in large black mantles, which give them a sombre and lugubrious appearance. The crown of their hats is extremely high, terminating in a point, and has something fantastical and disagreeable to the eye about it. In consequence of the inveterate animosities by which families are divided, they never go out without being armed with muskets, pistols, poniards, and a sort of belt in the shape of a cartouch box, which contains a great quantity of ammunition. Always prepared for attack or defence, they pass fiercely before their enemies—that is, before those who they know are watching for the very first opportunity to take away their lives. Barricaded in their houses at nightfall, nothing but the most urgent business can make them stir out. The Calabrian who has become a brigand, and he who cultivates the soil, have so many relations in common, that they cannot well be distinguished from each other. Their manners, dress, and mode of arming are the same. The only difference is, that the brigand employs the fruit of his plunder in the purchase of a cotton velvet waistcoat, garnished with silver buttons, and in providing plumes and ribands to ornament his hat.

☞ In the absence of our General Agent, Mr. Edward Fowle, Mr. Abraham C. Barmore is the only collector for this Paper in the City.

Any and every authority heretofore given to individuals to make collections for the Constellation with the City is hereby revoked. E. P. & Co.

☞ The great increase of *unpaid letters* which have been addressed to the publishers of this paper have compelled them to decline receiving them from the Post Offices. Of this decision we hope none of our friends will complain, as it is of course impossible for us to discriminate.

An error appears to exist with some in reference to their right to discontinue at any period. Our terms are expressed—"*No papers discontinued except at the close of a volume, and on payment of all dues.*" We cannot deviate from these terms without subjecting ourselves to much trouble and expense.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 29th, John Hamilton, of Hartford, to Miss Isabella C. James.

On the evening of the 4th, by the Rev. Spencer H. Cone, Adolph Gilbert, Esq. son of J. S. Gilbert & Son, of Gilbertsville, Otsego county, to Miss Ann, daughter of Mr. Joshua Pollard, merchant of this city.

On the 30th, Alfred S. Frazer, to Miss Ann Maria Buell.

On the 28th, Charles D. Hall, to Miss Susan Tait.

On the 27th, John P. Smith, commander of the packet ship Napoleon, to Miss Julia, daughter of the late John Lawrence.

On the 29th, Jose, h Brown, to Miss Mary Graham.

On the 29th, Armand Lachaise, of France, to Miss Anna M. daughter of the late Charles Thorn.

On the 20th, John Doughty, to Miss Caroline B. daughter of the late Thomas Bennet.

On the 27th, Henry J. Seaman, to Miss Katharine S. Seaman.

On the 29th, George W. Schnaitzer, aged 22.

On the 29th, Jane, wife of Peter R. Roach, aged 23.

At Staten Island, John S. Garretson, to Miss Ann Cowline, daughter of Major Wm. Dustan.

At Washington City, Isaac S. Reed, Esq. of Mississippi, to Ann Laura, daughter of Gen. Duff Green.

At Norfolk, Lieut. A. B. Pinkham, U. S. Navy, to Miss Lydia H. daughter of the late Genl. Samuel Davis.

At Farmington, Mass. Wm. L. B. Gills, of the firm of Gills & Jenney, formerly of New York, to Miss Adeline, daughter of Rowland Gills, Esq.

At Rhinebeck, Loring Andrews, to Miss Caroline C. Delamater.

At Auburn, Thomas Y. Haw, Jr. Esq. attorney at law, to Miss Sarah F. Hulbert.

At Perth Amboy, Abraham Golding, to Miss Adeline Augusta Arnold.

At Middletown, N. J. Abraham Platt, of Brooklyn, to Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of Daniel Ketcham, of the former place.

At Halifax, N. Scotia, on the 13th ult. Mr. Samuel Boggs, to Miss Ann Cottle.

DIED,

In this city, on the 27th, Mary Ann, wife of Benjamin Townsend, aged 29.

On the 27th, John J. Rogers, aged 33.

On the 27th, Mary, wife of Daniel McGrath, aged 36.

On the 1st, Mrs. Margaret Benson, aged 50.

On the 1st, Benjamin C. Parvin, a native of Philadelphia, aged 19.

On the 27th, Anthony Rasmeaux, Esq. aged 65.

On the 27th, George C. June, aged 22.

On the 28th, John P. Thurston aged 51.

At Poughkeepsie, Miss Mary Ann Stevens, daughter of H. H. Stevens, Esq. of Carmel, Putnam co. aged 19.

At Augusta, Ga. James L. Van Antwerp, of Paterson, N. J. aged 13.

At Rhinebeck, Duchess co. Rev. Frederick Henry Quitman, for many years President, and late Senior of the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium, of the State of New York, aged 72.

At New Haven, Elias Beers, aged 85, a venerable and much respected citizen.

At East Hartford, John A. Tuft, Esq. aged 32, a graduate of Yale College.

At Northfield, Mrs. Mary Grandy, aged 97. She was the oldest person in that town, and lived to see her great-daughter's grand children. Also, her daughter Barbara, widow of the late Thos. Thompson, aged 71.

At Montreal, on the 21st inst. Levi Adams, Esq. schoolmaster, on the following day, Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Nathaniel H. Wright, Esq. of Northampton, Ms. Dr. John L. Smith, late of Glasgow. Henry M'Kenzie, Esq. formerly partner in the N. W. Company. Mr. Malcolm M'Laren, N. W. Burgess, formerly of Sterling, Mr. Stephen Sewell, Esq. one of the King's Counsel, Horace Dickinson, Esq.—all of the Province. And at Quebec, Ann, widow of Robert Cairns, aged 92.

At Halifax, N. S. on the 2d inst. Jared L. Chipman, Esq. in the 82d year of his age, one of the Judges of H. M. Interior Courts. On the 9th, Sarah, wife of Dr. John Starling, aged 53 years.

At Carnwallis, on the 27th ult. Mrs. Letitia Campbell, widow of the late Col. Archibald Campbell, Esq. aged 74 years.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY,
OLD ESTABLISHMENT,
NO. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old established Stores, *No. 102 William-street, and No. 19 Arcade*, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTALOON-STRAPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, &c. &c. manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture Glaz'd and Oil'd SILKS, of superior quality; Glaz'd MUSLIN and Oil'd LINEN, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the *shortest notice*.

N. B. All orders punctually attended to.
june 13-cily.

REMOVAL.
PIANO FORTE STORE.

M. V. GREGIER begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of the latest plan and fashion, with metalic plates or without, and hopes, from his long experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business, to merit a share of public patronage, which it shall ever be his study to deserve; having served a lawful apprenticeship of seven years with a superior maker from London, with the practice of six since, making thirteen—is confident he is able to execute any order that might be given in the line of Piano Fortes. For material, workmanship, tone and touch, they are warranted not to be surpassed by any. Old Pianos taken in payment for new ones; likewise repaired and tuned at the shortest notice. Also, the guitar pedal added to Piano Fortes.

N.B. Dealers are invited to call; they will be dealt with on the most reasonable terms. may 30-cily.

SAMUEL KENNEDY,

CARVER, GILDER, and LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a share of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

Pier, mantle, and toilet looking-glasses; carved and gilt brackets; curtain and other ornaments; picture, needle work, and print frames; gilt mouldings in lengths, &c. all of the newest patterns, are constantly manufacturing. Old looking-glasses new silvered, framed, or taken in exchange. Old frames and ornaments regilt or repaired. Prints and paintings cleaned, stained and varnished. Picture-glass and looking-glass plates fitted to frames. Carved and gilt curtain ornaments made to any fancy, either from drawings or description in writing. ☞ All orders promptly and correctly executed for cash. may 16. ci.

LORIN BROOKS, *BOOT-MAKER*,

NO. 24 John street, New York, would inform his friends and the public that he continues the business of boot-making, one door from his old stand, where boots are made to order, in the latest style and of the best materials.

Boots and shoes, on hand, for sale on reasonable terms. june 13.

MISS GILBERT'S *Boarding and Day School.*—Miss Angelica Gilbert continues her school at No. 113 Bleecker street (near Le Roy Place) an airy and elevated situation, suitable to the accommodation of pupils from the country, and in the summer months from more densely settled part of the city.

The rudiments, as well as the higher branches usual in female education, are taught: the French language and Drawing by the first masters: and music, vocal and instrumental, by herself.

Terms made known on inquiry, and the most respectable references given, as (by permission) the Rev. Mr. Hawkes, Rev. Mr. Cutler, Dr. S. Moore, Samuel Ward Jun., Leonard Kip, George Simonds, Ogden Edwards, John Colt, Esq., and others' sons and children have been at her school.

New-York April 28, 1832.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, No. 103 Broad-street, including the block between Pearl and Water-sts., New-York. *Henry Thurston* and *Alexander P. Fonda*, late of Troy, respectfully announce to their friends and the public that they have become the lessees of the suit of buildings on Broad-street, composing the establishment of the Merchants' Hotel, recently occupied by O. H. Wells-ton, and opened the same for the reception of company.

The establishment is already distinguished as one of the most spacious, airy, agreeable and convenient houses in the city—its location in the immediate vicinity of both business and pleasure, being within a few minutes' walk of the Exchange or Wall-street, and of the principal business houses on Pearl, Water and Front streets—of the East River, the Battery, Bowling-Green, and Broadway. The proprietors flatter themselves to make it desirable, independent of the many suits of rooms for private families and are determined to devote their entire personal attention to the desires and the comforts of their patrons.

May 7. 1832. THURSTON & FONDA.

SYLVESTER. 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 21 for 1832, drawn June 27.—2 5 61 50 18 1 53 56 42 57.

Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets to all lotteries under the management of Yates & McIntyre, to whom I beg to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

July 5—Class 22, $15,000; 3,000; $1
July 11—Class 23, 2 of 10,000 2
July 18—Class 24, $15,000; 5,000 54

Tickets and shares to the above for sale in every variety. No connexion with any other person in New York.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N.Y.
Baltimore, Md. and
Pittsburgh, Pa.

N.B. That valuable paper, the *Reporter*, enlarged, is published as usual, and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.

ARTIFICIAL MINERAL WATERS.—Congress and Ballston Waters, fresh from the springs, for sale by GEO. D. CORNELIUS, Apothecary, corner of Pearl and Rose sts. june 30.

CURE *for Gout and Rheumatism.*—Medicated Oil Silk, for sale by L. MORANGE & DAVIS, june 30. 195 William st.

BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,
AND
DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,
WHO DESIRE A
NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT *THE OLD STAND*, A *CHOICE* SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.
From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of
170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR
T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,
70 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (*tartar.*) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum boles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentrifice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE,
Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the *savans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," *a cure is guaranteed.* JONATHAN DODGE,
No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.

MEDICATED SILK OIL'D,

BY *Louis Dorlon*, at his old established U.S. Cap and Stock Manufactory, No. 102 William street, and 11 Arcade.

N.B. Certificates from the most eminent physicians of its mode of operating. june 23 ci.

PASSAIC HOUSE, *Belleville, N. Jersey.*

D. PULLINGER, respectfully informs the public that she has opened as a hotel, that pleasantly situated house in Belleville, recently occupied by Mr. Isaac, where she will accommodate persons with board by the day, week or year, on moderate terms. She has stages running from her house to Newark continually through the day, where passengers can take the Newark steamboat for New York. june 6-ci.

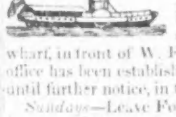
NEW WASHINGTON BATH,
No. 12 Fourth-st.
Between Sixth Avenue and Washington square.

THE proprietor of this *Bath*, encouraged by his numerous and increasing patrons, has at a very great expense built a more commodious bathing house, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for *Gentlemen exclusively*. The former bathing house is reserved for the use of *Ladies only*; to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded.

He has also added two separate rooms in front, which he intends to keep supplied with a variety of reviews, newspapers, &c. and no attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "down town," while the well known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury, and the health preserving virtues of the bath.

Single tickets, 25 cents; five tickets, $1; fifteen tickets, $2 50; thirty five tickets, $5; and eighty tickets, $10. may 9. c&i

FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.
Fare, 12½ cents.



The low pressure steamboat *John Jay*, Capt. L. Wandel, will leave foot of Canal street every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May until further notice, in the following order, viz.

Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 9½ A.M. 1 P.M., and 6 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 5½ A.M., 10 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 6½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 7½ A.M. 11 A.M., — P.M., and 7½ P.M.

Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 4 o'clock A.M., 8½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 4½ A.M., 9 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 5½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 6½ A.M. 10½ A.M., 3 P.M., and 6½ P.M.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, for any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdick, West street, one door north of Amos. may 9. c&i.

HUDSON & NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE FOR 1832.

Hudson Tow-boat Co.'s Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G. Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John F. Haviland), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days:

From Hudson—Fridays at 4 o'clock P.M., from their wharf south of the ferry.

From New York—Saturdays at 6 P.M. from the east side Counties slip, corner of South street.

To be towed by the steamboat LEGISLATOR, Captain J. P. Coffin—for freight and passengers.

The steamboat Legislator will make one trip in each week without her barges, for light freight and passengers, viz.: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 10 o'clock, A.M. and from New York Wednesdays at 6 P.M.

Towing will be taken by the Legislator if required.

The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York.

ap. 25. JOHN POWER, Agent.

LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK PACKETS.

Intended to sail,

1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June
1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct.
1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.

Rates of passage.

Cabin, $100; second cabin, $50; steerage, $25, including provisions and every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

For passage either to or from Liverpool apply to
E. MACOMBER, 161 Maiden lane,
may 9. c&i. near South st. N. York.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour and never liable to the least decay

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. june 6-cism.